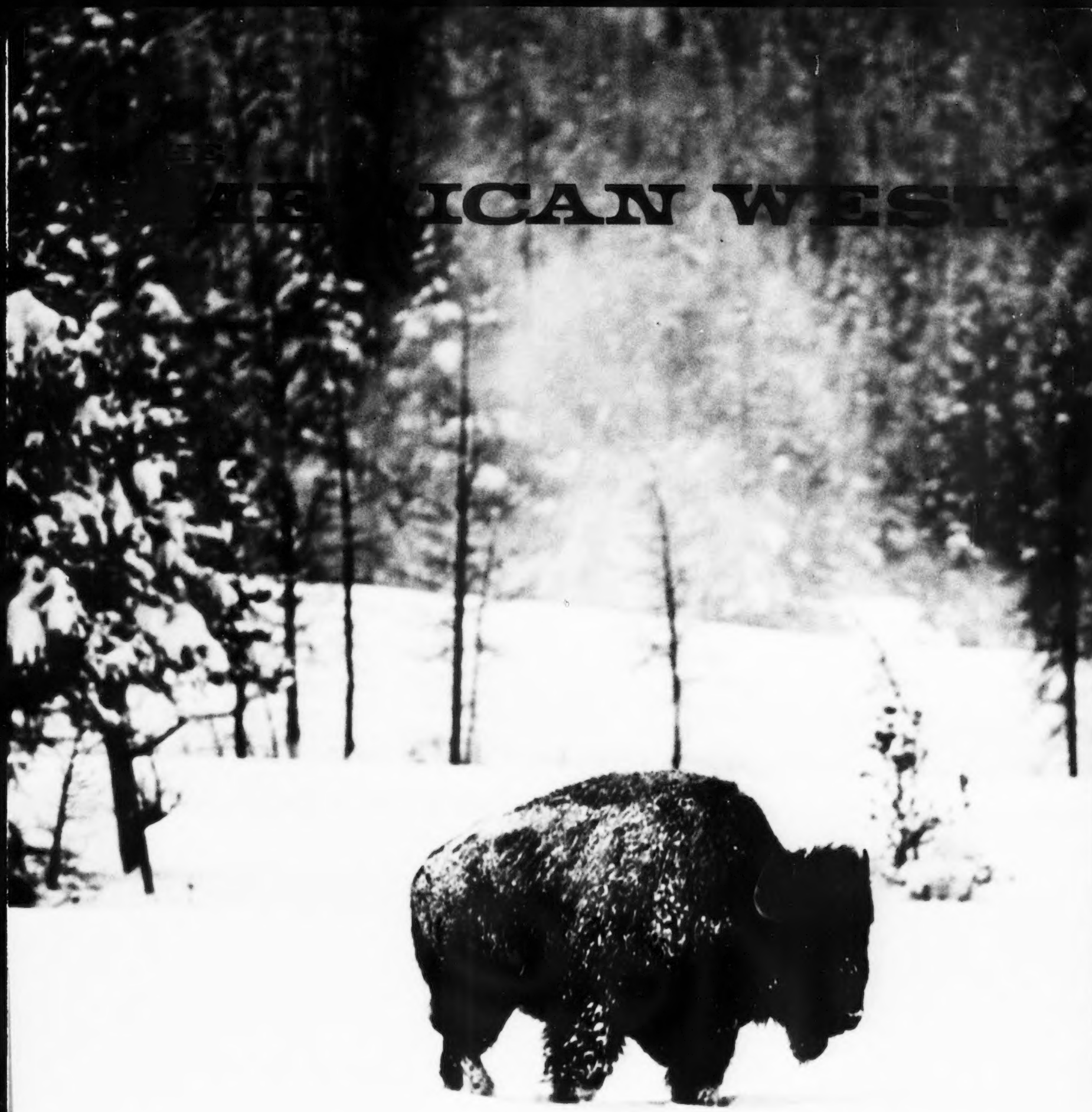
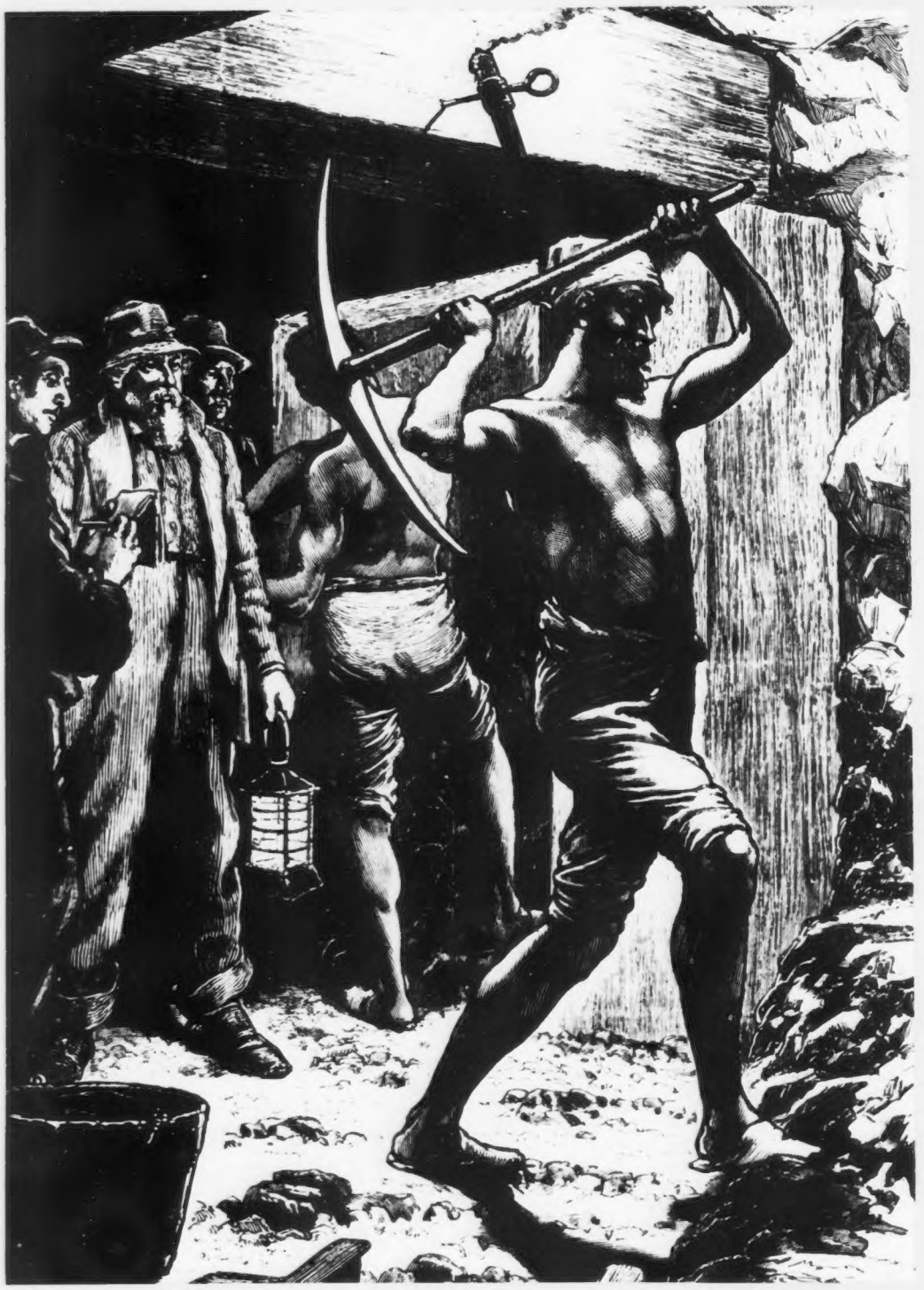

ICAN WEST

Cover: Only in Yellowstone National Park has the American bison lived continuously since ancient times. Though these animals once numbered in the tens of millions and roamed freely across vast areas of the American West, by 1900 only thirty-nine remained, all of them in Yellowstone. Today the herd there, including this snowbound sentinel, again numbers more than eight hundred.

Above: During the 1920s, rodeos like this one were held at the Elbow Ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, until a Rockefeller-financed land company bought the ranch as part of a plan to make the Jackson Hole area a national preserve. But many local residents objected to the conservationists' dream. For an article on the long controversy that ensued, *see page 30.*

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB AND IRA SPRING



IT REQUIRED a strong degree of courage to face the fancied perils of a descent 1,600 feet below the surface," wrote a reporter with the Frank Leslie party about their visit (depicted above by one of Leslie's artists) to the Consolidated Virginia silver mine in 1877. "In the visitors' dressing rooms we assumed the garb of a miner. . . . Repairing to the shaft, we found the cage in readiness for our descent. . . . A gong sounded. We began to go down with a startling and decidedly unpleasant rapidity. The darkness became profound. . . . We were plunging into the abyss, our frail platform shaking and trembling, while the lowering chain creaked overhead." Deep in the mine, the reporter described the scene: "In the drifts all is bustle and confusion. The men are forcing their way through the solid earth—boring, drilling, pounding, tunneling. The hammer, drill, and pick go clink and clank with a noise like that of Vulcan's workshop. At times a blast takes place, making a detonation like the bursting of a bomb—deafening yet grand, terror-striking but impressive."

For an account of a similar descent into a great gold mine almost one hundred years later, turn to page 10.

THE
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Wilderness Diaries

MARY WALKER'S DIARY
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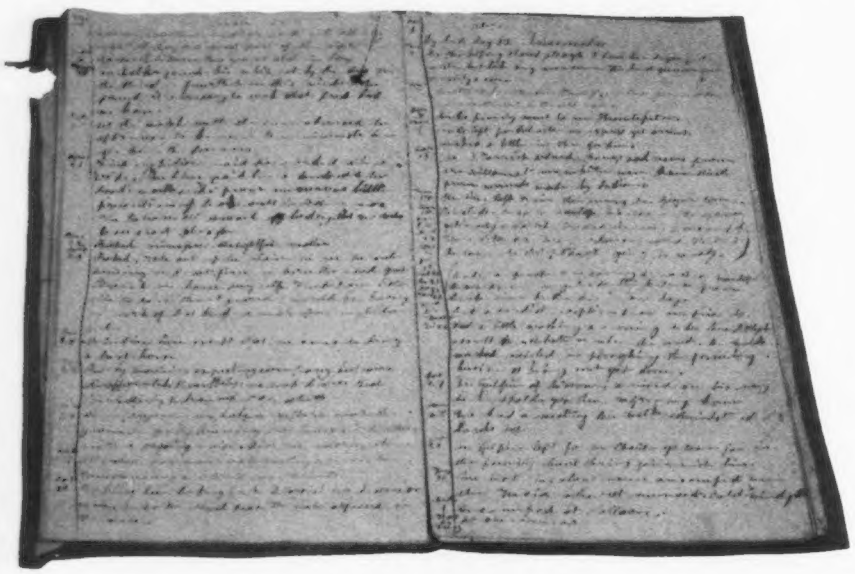

by Clifford M. Drury

A Missionary Couple in the Pacific Northwest 1839–48

UNIQUE AMONG THE SOURCE DOCUMENTS bearing upon the early history of the Pacific Northwest are the parallel diaries written by Elkanah and Mary Walker while living at their isolated mission station among the Spokane Indians from 1839 through mid-1848. No other couple who lived in the Northwest during those years is known to have kept such an extensive and detailed record.

The Walkers were associated in the Oregon Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for which Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman and Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding had gone out to Oregon, as the whole Pacific Northwest was then called, in 1836. Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding were the first white American women to cross the Rockies, traveling side-saddle on horseback 1,900 miles from the Missouri frontier to Fort Walla Walla.

Rev. and Mrs. Elkanah Walker and three other couples—Rev. and Mrs. Cushing Eells, Rev. and Mrs. Asa B. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gray—all appointees of the Congregational-Presbyterian American Board, joined the Whitmans and Spaldings in 1838. Also in the 1838 party was a single man, Cornelius Rogers. This brought the total membership of the mission to thirteen. It was never any larger.

After their arrival in the fall of 1838 at the Whitman station at Waiilatpu, near present-day Walla Walla, Washington, Walker and Eells set out to explore the Spokane country in order to select a site for a mission among those Indians. Upon the recommendation of Archibald McDonald, then the trader in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Colville on the Columbia River, the missionaries selected a site about seven miles north of the Spokane River on the trail which connected Fort Colville with Fort Walla Walla. The site was located on the east side of the valley of Chamokane Creek at the foot of a wooded hill where a spring flowed. The location was called "Tshimakain" in the Spokane (Flathead) language, meaning "the place of springs." After making a start on two log cabins, each measuring fourteen by fourteen feet, Walker and Eells returned to the Whitman station, where they spent the winter of 1838–39 with their wives. A son named Cyrus was born to the Walkers on December 6.

On March 5, 1839, the two couples with the Walker baby left Waiilatpu for their new station among the Spokanes. The day happened to be the first wedding anniversary for each couple. The missionaries were escorted by a party of eight Spokane Indians headed by Old Chief, the leader of the Tshimakain area Indians, who brought thirty-five horses to help transport the missionaries' baggage. The caravan made the 175-mile journey in about two weeks, arriving at Tshimakain on March 20. Because of the missionaries' strong convictions about the sinfulness of traveling on Sunday, they insisted on remaining in camp over the two Sundays passed en route. The women and the baby were then escorted to Fort Colville, about seventy miles to the north, where they remained until the men, with the help of the natives, could finish building the two cabins.

Upon the completion of the cabins, Walker returned to Fort Colville for the women. Mary Walker for the first time re-

ferred to Tshimakain as "home" when she wrote in her diary on May 2: "Left Colville for home." On the fourth, she noted: "Reached home about noon, very much fatigued. Commence house keeping." And on the sixteenth, she wrote: "Live very comfortably in my little house without floor, door, or windows." Such improvements came later.

It had taken both the Walkers and the Eells more than a year to travel from their homes in New England to their newly established mission station among the Spokane Indians, where they were destined to spend the next nine years.

History of the Diaries

We are indebted to Mary Walker not only for the initiation of the diaries kept by herself and her husband Elkanah but also for their preservation. Mary Walker began keeping her diary on January 1, 1833, when she was twenty-two years old and living with her parents in East Baldwin, Maine, where she taught school. She made almost daily entries during the five years before her marriage, during her overland journey to Oregon, and throughout her nine-year residence at Tshimakain. She continued her diary after the Walkers moved to the Willamette Valley following the Whitman massacre but with increasing irregularity as the years passed. Mary Walker died at her home in Forest Grove, Oregon, on December 5, 1897, in her eighty-seventh year, the last of the thirteen members of the Oregon Mission to die.

Mary Walker's enthusiasm for keeping a diary was contagious. On March 7, 1838, two days after his marriage, Elkanah Walker began his diary. This he kept with commendable faithfulness for a little more than two months or until May 15. On that date, he and the other members of the mission reinforcement were traveling with the American Fur Company's caravan along the Platte River on their westward trek to Oregon. Evidently the onerous duties connected with overland travel on horseback were too demanding to permit him time to keep up his diary.

When Walker and Eells left Waiilatpu on Monday, September 10, to explore the Spokane country, Walker resumed his diary. This time his diary was intended for his wife and hence contained long descriptions of the country through which they passed, the reception they received from the Indians, and comments on their life and customs. This diary stopped abruptly with a brief entry on October 9 when the two men were at the Spalding station at Lapwai on their way back to Waiilatpu.

Walker failed to keep a diary through the two years 1839 and 1840. Then on January 1, 1841, he began keeping a daily record of events for the third time. He continued for seven and one-half years or until June 1848, when he and his family arrived in the Willamette Valley to begin life anew.

The following passage in Walker's diary for January 1, 1841, gives evidence that it was Mary who persuaded him to start a diary again: "Have promised my self to commence a Journal & to continue it. In consequence of my promise, Mrs. W. has made each of us a book for notes & a journal. This of course lays me under some obligation." Mary made these and succeeding notebooks by folding sheets of writing paper together and then hand sewing the center seam. Sometimes she would enclose the individual notebooks with a cover of heavier paper. And it was Mary who kept the letters she had received from Elkanah before their marriage; Elkanah never kept any of her letters to him. She also must have been the one who saved the seventy-five letters received from Marcus or Narcissa Whitman during the mission years. And she must have been the one who insisted that their own diaries and letters be taken with them when they left Tshimakain for the Willamette Valley.

Mary Walker's collection of documents was passed on to her son, Samuel T. Walker, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the summer of 1939 in the old Walker home in Forest Grove. Sometime around 1920, Frederick W. Skiff of Portland, Oregon, who was a collector of rare books and historical documents, called on S. T. Walker and purchased from him for a nominal sum some seventy-five Whitman letters and the Walker diaries. Later he sold the section of Walker's diary written in 1842 to the Oregon Historical Society. The Whitman letters were first sold to a well-known dealer in western Americana, Edward Eberstadt of New York City, who in turn sold them to a collector, Wm. R. Coe of Long Island. Coe presented his collection to Yale University in the 1940s. The Walker diaries, excluding that part which went to the Oregon Historical Society, were sold to the Rosenbach Foundation of Philadelphia, which in turn sold them to the Huntington Library of San Marino, California, in 1922. The diaries in the Huntington Library run to well over 300,000 words.

When I called on S. T. Walker, first in the summer of 1937 and again in 1939, I received from him an apple box nearly full of books and documents which he was presenting to the library of Washington State College (now a university) at Pullman. Among the documents were Mary Walker's earlier diaries, written before she left for Oregon, and the latter series written after the Walker family settled in the Willamette Valley. A few weeks after I had received these items, the Walker home burned down with a loss of all of its contents. Mr. and Mrs. Walker escaped. I was most fortunate to have secured these important historical documents when I did.

Significance of the Diaries

In general, diaries fall into two categories—those written for others to read and those written for the personal satisfaction of the writer. The diaries kept by Elkanah and Mary Walker belong to the latter classification. Mary Walker wrote only for herself and once was disturbed when she discovered that her husband had surreptitiously been reading her diary. Not venturing to confront him with an accusation, she wrote a note to him in her diary: "July 26, 1839. My Dear Husband. I find it vain to expect my Journal will escape your eyes & in-

Elkanah Walker

PAINTED BY JOHN MIX STANLEY, 1847

BEINECKE LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

EASTERN WASHINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Mary Walker

DAGUERREOTYPE, CIRCA 1850-1860

deed why should I wish to have it [so]? . . . I have therefore determined to address my Journal to you. I shall at all times address you with the unrestrained freedom of a fond & confiding wife. When therefore you have leisure & inclination to know my heart, you may here find it ready for converse."

The very fact that Elkanah and Mary Walker kept diaries for their own personal satisfaction means that their comments are far more revealing than if they had been writing for publication. They were unrestrained in expressing their feelings, their hopes and fears, their reactions to events taking place around them, and their attitudes toward the Indians. Elkanah naturally focused on events outside the home, while Mary wrote especially of her activities within.

With the exception of a diary kept by Eells for about three months in the spring of 1848 and the extant correspondence of the missionaries written during their residence at Tshimakain, the only contemporary accounts of how these two families managed to subsist in their isolated wilderness homes and of their missionary activities there are the diaries kept by the Walkers. Together Mary and Elkanah give us a binocular view of their experiences at Tshimakain.

But as long as these documents remained in manuscript form, it was impossible to appreciate their great contribution toward an understanding of the life and customs of the whites and natives living in the Spokane area during the years 1838–1848. The diaries had to be transcribed (this in itself was a long, tedious task as the handwriting of each was sometimes difficult to decipher), printed, and then analytical indices compiled. Now this project has been completed. Mary Walker's diary appeared in Volume II of my *First White Women over the Rockies* and her husband's in my recently published *Nine Years with the Spokane Indians.*

A television program recently described how archaeologists dig and sift the soil as they search for artifacts at historic Williamsburg, Virginia. Sometimes the broken pieces of a dish are recovered and glued together again. The recovery of such artifacts—buckles, tools, bottles, cutlery—makes it possible to reconstruct much of the economic and social life of Williamsburg as it existed some two hundred years ago. The Walker diaries function in a similar way. The analytical indices of the published diaries become literary computers which collect and collate a multitude of isolated facts, thus making it possible to reassemble pictures of many of the experiences which came to the Walkers during the nine years they lived among the Spokane Indians. The indices also reveal a wealth of anthropological information regarding the natives. This is important, as the Walker diaries antedate any other source documents written by passing travelers which touch upon the life and customs of the Spokane Indians.

Subsisting in the Wilderness

The American Board did not pay salaries to the thirteen missionaries it sent out to Oregon Country, although it did pay travel expenses and the cost of supplies needed to establish homes in the wilderness. The Board also honored bills for necessities ordered each year through the Hudson's Bay Company, although it asked its Oregon missionaries to keep the total annual cost down to $1,000. Such a sum was to supply the needs of all thirteen members and include the 100 percent extra cost for goods shipped around South America and delivered to Fort Vancouver or Fort Walla Walla. These were the harsh realities which the missionaries faced. They had to make their work as self-supporting as possible.

The Walker diaries tell how they met this challenge. Although both Walker and Eells were ordained clergymen, they were forced to become common laborers in order to provide shelter and food for their families. An inordinate amount of their time was spent caring for their animals, cultivating their

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This article is based in part on the author's research for his recently released book, Nine Years with the Spokane Indians *(Arthur H. Clark, Glendale, California, 1976).*

fields and gardens, cutting firewood, or splitting rails for fences. In the remnant of time remaining, they were supposed to master the language of the area and reduce it to writing, conduct schools for the natives, and endeavor both to evangelize and civilize the Indians. It was an impossible assignment! The marvel is that in the nine years the two families lived at Tshimakain, they were able to do as much as they did.

When the two missionary couples arrived at Tshimakain in March 1839, Myra Eells took one look at the unfinished cabins and aptly described them as nothing more than log pens. During the next two weeks, while the women stayed at Fort Colville, the men with some help from the Indians placed roofs over the log walls already erected. The roofs were made by spreading grass or reeds over the rafter poles and then sod or soil on top of the grass. Later during heavy rains, large globules of mud would sometimes seep through into the room below. But by the time Walker built his second and larger cabin in 1843, he had learned how to split short cedar logs into shingles.

Only the crudest kind of furniture was available. Eells once wrote that the first table they had was made by driving four stakes into the ground on top of which were fastened three boards, each about one foot wide. No doubt the Walkers made a similar table. At first both the Walkers and the Eells had dirt floors, but by October 1839, Walker with the help of some Indians, had enough boards sawed to lay a board floor. Mary wrote in her diary on October 9: "Find it pleasing to have a floor to wash again." Beds were nothing more than wide shelves fastened to the walls. When W. H. Gray visited Tshimakain in April 1841, he made a rocking chair for the Walkers. On April 6, Walker wrote in his diary: "We have now one chair, the first we ever had. It is a rocking chair & it is really good to get into it." Up to that time, the Walkers had only stools to sit on.

At first heavy cotton cloth or finely dressed deer skins filled the window spaces. Mary makes no mention of having window glass until January 1845. All cooking was done in open fireplaces during the nine years the two families lived at Tshimakain. Two small wood-burning heating stoves were secured in May 1844. These were great luxuries.

At first the fireplaces were built out of adobe bricks, but these proved hazardous at times, especially in very cold weather when a hot fire was needed. Under such conditions, the straw in the bricks would sometimes catch on fire, the bricks would disintegrate, and the fireplace collapse. When building his second and larger cabin in the summer of 1843, Walker had the help of a former mountain man known simply as Campbell. Evidently Campbell knew something about how to fire bricks. With his help, Walker erected a crude but effective brick kiln. Suitable clay was found on the hillside near the cabins, and an improved form of brick was made for the fireplace. Thereafter there was no further trouble with adobe bricks catching on fire. Another adjustment using local materials had been made.

Both Walker and Eells began farming as soon as possible after the women had been brought back from Fort Colville. The men had carried a plowshare with them from Waiilatpu, which they fitted with handles made of native wood. Walker described the result as a "homely looking thing." The men used three teams of mules and horses to break the virgin soil. The harnesses were made of buffalo hides. Corn, wheat, potatoes, pumpkins, and some garden vegetables were planted. But the soil was not good, and the growing season was short. Frost could strike during every month of the year. Since several years were to pass before Walker could get enough log rails to make a fence around the vegetable garden, another problem was that it as well as the larger fields were always exposed to damage by grazing animals.

The missionaries were able to raise all the potatoes they needed and even some extra to trade to the Indians. All harvesting and threshing of wheat had to be done by the old-fashioned hand methods. After winnowing the wheat, it was carried on pack animals either to the mill at Fort Colville or to Spalding's mill at Lapwai.

For want of fences, the missionaries' animals roamed freely, and this meant countless hours riding in search of the horses and cattle. The number of animals owned by the missionaries varied from ten or twelve to twenty or more. In 1841, Walker and Eells each tried raising a hog obtained from Fort Colville, but the experiment was not successful, for they had no good place to keep them nor food to give them. Whitman and Spalding were successful in raising sheep, but the men at Tshimakain did not follow their example. The Walkers tried raising chickens but had little success because the Indian dogs killed so many. On occasion, Walker even hired a native to kill the dogs. The Walkers did have a cat—a strange animal to the Indians.

The Hudson's Bay Company made no effort to induce the natives to acquire cattle. Indeed, their policy was to the contrary: they tried to prevent it. But their monopoly on the ownership of cattle had been broken in 1837 when the Methodist missionaries of the Willamette Valley, encouraged by a visiting navy lieutenant, William A. Slacum, brought about six hundred head of Spanish cattle into the valley. Each of the mission parties of the American Board, in 1836 and 1838, drove a small herd of cattle from Missouri over the mountains to Oregon. These American cattle, as the missionaries called them, were greatly prized, as they were superior to the Spanish breed.

Marcus Whitman butchered his first beef in September 1841, and his wife, Narcissa, reported in a letter dated October 6 that the beef "yielded 148 pounds of tallow after it was tried." Without tallow the missionaries were without candles. Walker and Eells butchered their first beef on November 25, 1841. After keeping back all that could be used as fresh meat, the balance was salted down, using salt which had been sent to the Oregon missionaries by their associates under the American Board in Honolulu. As would be expected, Mary on the following January 17 noted in her diary that she had "dipped" from "15–20 dozen very white and nice [candles] made of

Frontier artist Paul Kane visited Tshimakain in 1847 and made this sketch of the Walker/Eells mission station.

beef tallow." Each year thereafter, the Walkers and Eells were able to butcher a beef, thus obtaining not only meat but also tallow for candles.

The terrible winter of 1846–47 took a heavy toll of livestock owned by the missionaries as well as the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians. This was the same harsh winter that trapped the eighty-one members of the Donner Party in the Sierra Nevada, where thirty-six died of exposure or starvation, and some resorted to cannibalism. Walker's diary shows that the severe winter weather extended into Oregon Country as well. He records that snow began falling in the middle of November 1846. Storm followed storm until mid-March, and the temperature at times dropped to thirty degrees below zero. The snow was so deep that horses and cattle were unable to dig through to the grass below, and most of them starved to death. According to Walker, the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Colville had only 3 horses survive out of a herd of 270. Old Chief, head of the Tshimakain area Indians, lost 70 horses and all but 2 of his 30 head of cattle. The missionaries were more fortunate, since they had filled their small barns with hay and bundles of unthrashed wheat. By careful rationing, they lost only 1 horse and 12 head of cattle.

Although Walker owned a gun, he rarely went hunting. Entries in his diary for January 1841 refer to taking "a gaming tour" for relaxation. "Rode most of the day in the snow," he wrote on the seventh, "& killed nothing." Because of extensive hunting by the Indians, deer were scarce in the vicinity of Tshimakain during the mission period.

On the whole, however, the missionaries had ample food, though at times the cuisine must have been monotonous. During the season when the salmon were running in the Columbia and Spokane rivers, the Walkers were able to secure quantities of fish through trade with the Indians. By trading such items as ammunition and knives, the Walkers also obtained large amounts of huckleberries, gooseberries, and wild strawberries. They also learned to use some of the edible roots favored by the natives, such as camas. On July 15, 1847, Mary Walker noted in her diary: "A partridge for dinner." No doubt this was a reference to the sage grouse, as partridges were not introduced into Washington until 1906.

The Walkers were often able to supplement their food supplies by getting dried buffalo meat and buffalo tongues from Indians or Hudson's Bay men returning from the buffalo country. On May 8, 1841, Walker noted in his diary that one of the Pend d'Oreille chiefs had brought in "28 buffalo tongues & some dried meat." Some of the tongues were pickled in brine to preserve them. And on December 7, 1844, Walker reported the arrival of a Hudson's Bay man who gave the family "two bales of Buffalo meat which is good." No doubt this was dried meat, and the two bales meant a load for one pack animal.

Another staple supplement to the family table was milk with its by-products butter and cheese. Most of the time, Mary Walker did the milking. In June 1840, she was milking three cows, and a year later she mentioned milking six. Often butter was packed in kegs for future use. Cottage cheese, sometimes called Dutch cheese, was made from curdled milk. Before

harder cheese could be made, rennet found in the mucous membrane lining of the fourth stomach of a suckling calf had to be obtained. Not wishing to sacrifice one of their precious calves for this purpose, the Walkers tried rennet secured from a young deer and found that it worked.

The Walkers had coffee and tea. They ordered such items as spices, raisins, and rice from the Hudson's Bay Company. Sugar for all members of the mission was often sent by the Hawaiian missionaries. On March 17, 1847, when there was still snow on the ground, Mary refers to making ice cream. Perhaps the prized dessert was nothing more than sweetened whipped cream which had been frozen in a snowbank.

Rearing a Family

Five children were born to the Walkers during their nine-year residence at Tshimakain. Marcus Whitman, a medical doctor, was present at the birth of the first two; arrived too late for the birth of the third; was physically unable to travel when the fourth was born; and had been killed before the fifth child arrived. Elkanah and Myra Eells attended Mary when Dr. Whitman was not present. During the years the Walkers lived at Tshimakain, their children had most of the childhood diseases common to their generation, including chicken pox, measles, mumps, whooping cough, and common colds. Several of them also had scarlet fever. A severe epidemic of a virulent form of measles among the Cayuse Indians was the precipitating cause of the Whitman massacre of November 1847, when some of the Indians, believing that the missionaries had deliberately poisoned them, killed Whitman, his wife, and twelve others.

The diaries furnish much information about medical practices of the time. We should remember that during the period people had no idea that germs caused sickness, and, of course, had none of the modern blessings such as antibiotics. A commonly prescribed remedy for all kinds of sickness was to give both an emetic and a laxative. Calomel (mercurous chloride) was considered an effective cathartic. Walker was afflicted with severe headaches, and he makes many references in his diary to taking asafoetida or salvatus (sodium bicarbonate) to relieve his headaches. Walker also mentions taking sleeping pills. These would have contained phenobarbital. Such drugs and medicines as the missionaries did not take with them from the States could have been secured through the Hudson's Bay Company. A strong cayenne pepper tea was drunk for common colds. Morphine or opium was administered during times of great pain. Mary Walker once tried to help an Indian boy who developed gangrene from a snakebite on his leg. She gave him opium. When she herself suffered from severe mastitis following the birth of her first child in December 1838, she took morphine to deaden the pain of her infected breasts.

A common remedy of the time for many injuries and diseases was bleeding or bloodletting. This medical practice, a curse for centuries, was followed to a limited degree by the Oregon missionaries. The indices of the two diaries list several instances when patients were bled.

Walker's diary also shows that he suffered spells of depression. Both he and his wife, isolated as they were with only one other white couple in the wilderness, often became lonely. On July 18, 1846, Walker noted in his diary: "I want to go somewhere but can think of no place that will suit me. I feel quite lonely & quite lost to know what to do." His attitude must have been contagious for that day Mary wrote in her diary: "I have a great many lonely feelings, a great many things I want to say but no body to say things to. If I knew where I could go to find a welcome, I would not be long in starting."

Although the men often made trips to meet with the Indians or to visit Fort Colville or one of the other mission stations, the women were virtually marooned at Tshimakain. But on two occasions the Walker and Eells families made the 340-mile round trip to the Whitman mission at Waiilatpu on horseback. The two families with their four small children and a fresh-milk cow to provide milk during the journey—the Walkers had a baby less than two months old at the time—left Tshimakain for the first trip on May 5, 1842. Neither Mary Walker nor Myra Eells had been back to Waiilatpu since they had left there on March 5, 1839. During their six-week absence from Tshimakain, a faithful Indian, whom they called Solomon, looked after the property. In May and June 1845, the Walkers with four little children made a second trip to Waiilatpu and then to Lapwai—a total of 620 miles. At least twenty-four days were spent on the trail during these journeys.

The education of the children was becoming a problem by the time of the Whitman massacre in 1847. By then Cyrus, the eldest of the Walker children, was nearly nine years old. Cyrus had spent one term in the school for white children conducted by Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu during the winter of 1845–46. Because of reports carried back to Tshimakain involving some childish curiosity about sex, Cyrus was not permitted to return to the school. This meant that his parents had to oversee his education as well as that of his younger sister and perhaps two of his brothers. The problem of how the children were to be educated was becoming acute at the time of the Whitman massacre. The forced evacuation of the two families from Tshimakain in June 1848 resolved this problem.

Relations with the Indians

Walker and Eells had the good fortune to settle with a band of Indians who were friendly to whites and remained so throughout the mission period. Spalding in Lapwai was threatened by a small band of dissidents among the Nez Percés on several occasions. Likewise, Whitman was threatened by the leading chiefs of the Cayuses before the massacre. This never

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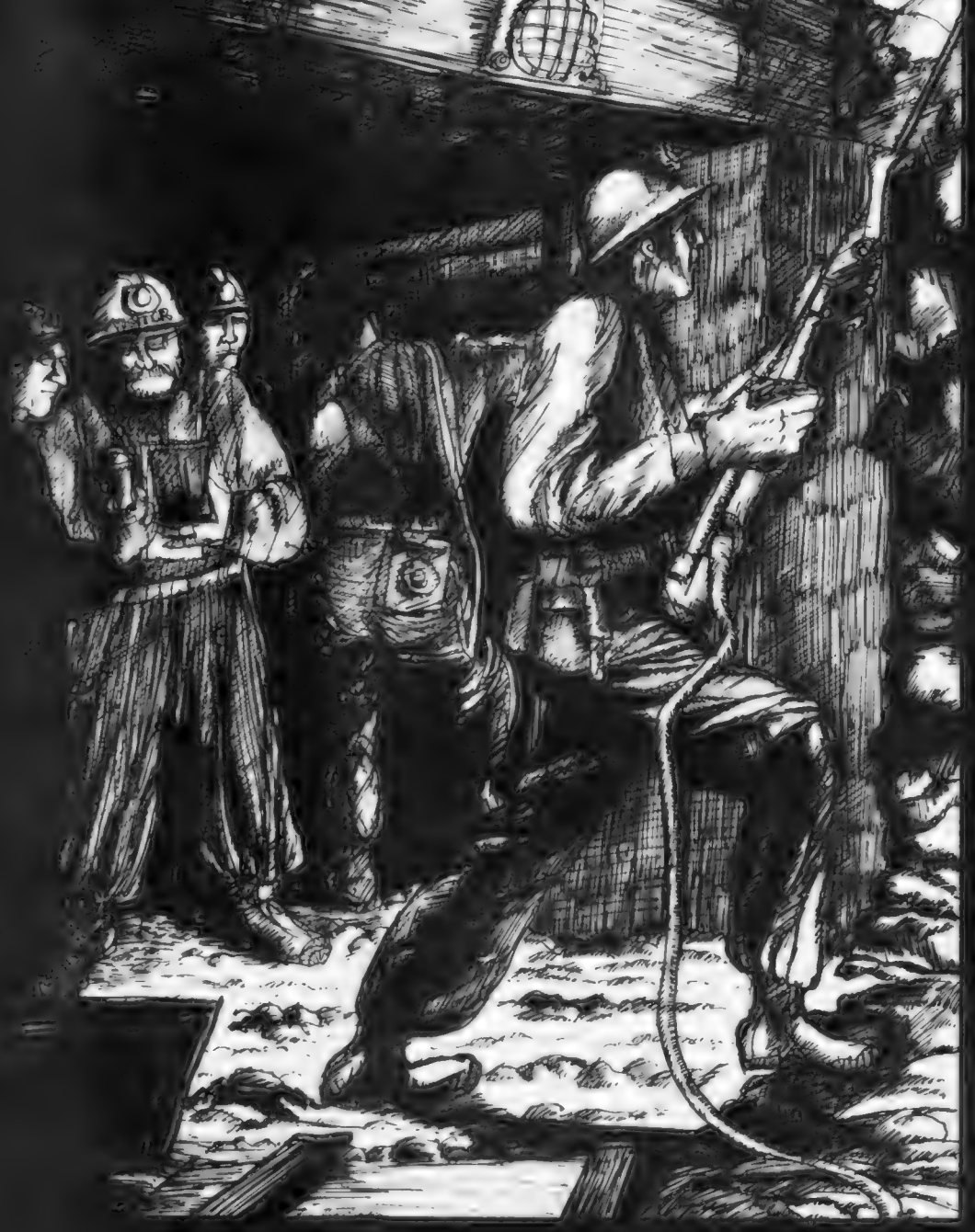
A Visit to the West's Largest Gold Mine...



THE CENTENNIAL HOMESTAKE

by T. H. Watkins

Illustrations by Gabriele Von Rabenau

FOR YEARS the Homestake had fascinated me. It stood in my imagination like a dark monolith, a living monument to the history of the old mining West whose dry records I had riffled through over the years. The Homestake had been an important part of that history, and I probably knew as much about it as anyone. An expedition led by George Armstrong Custer, I knew, had first substantiated the existence of gold in the Black Hills of South Dakota in the summer of 1874. The Sioux Indians, who considered the Black Hills their holy wilderness, were driven from the land by the gold rush that followed in 1875 (and the following year took their vengeance by annihilating Custer and the Seventh Cavalry at the Little Bighorn). Then a pair of brothers, Fred and Moses Manuel, who had stumbled on an outcropping of a rich lode in the spring of 1876, filed a claim and named it the Homestake, on the justified assumption that ultimately it would give them a stake to take home in style. In 1877, San Francisco mining entrepreneur George Hearst bought out the Homestake claim from the Manuel brothers for $70,000. By the time of his death in 1891, he had fashioned it into one of the most sophisticated industrial mines in the United States, the solid bedrock on which the Hearst family fortune was built. From then on the Homestake Mine—in spite of wars, depressions, rising labor and production costs, and an artificially fixed price for gold—not only hung on until it was the only major deep gold mine still operating in the West but was reaching record depths in the dark earth of the Black Hills. As it approached the century mark, the Homestake was sinking shafts eight thousand feet below the surface, deeper than any other mine in the United States.

While learning all this, I had also acquired an image that would not leave my mind: If all the gold that the Homestake Mine had blasted out of the earth in its first hundred years could somehow be gathered together, melted, and poured into a solid cube, that cube would measure only a little over twelve feet to a side. Yet that hypothetical cube, hardly large enough to fill an average bedroom, would weigh more than 1,093 tons, or 35 million ounces. Between 1876 and 1934, when the average price of gold was $20.67 an ounce, that cube would have been worth $723,450,000; between 1934 and 1975, when the price was fixed by the federal government at $35.00 an ounce, it would have been worth $1,225,000,000; and in 1975, based on a free market price of $135.00 an ounce, that twelve-foot cube of gold would have been worth $4,725,000,000. In other words, at whatever time it might have existed and at whatever price put on it, that imaginary cube would have been the *single most valuable object ever to have existed in the history of mankind.*

A thought to shiver the imagination, and it was part of what I knew about the Homestake. But it was now December 1975, a scant few months before the mine was to celebrate its centennial, and I was about to learn what I did not know. For I had contracted to see the Homestake for myself for the first time. All of it, or as much as humanly possible in two days, from top to bottom, north to south, west to east, and all that came in between. I had asked for it.

THE HOMESTAKE MINE is set in one of the most remarkable geographic regions of the continent—the Black Hills of South Dakota, a mountain range four thousand feet high, fifty miles wide, and one hundred miles long that dominates the western border of the state. In no way as high, majestic, or rock-ribbed as the front range of the Rockies, which lies some two hundred miles to the west, the Black Hills are nevertheless not easily forgotten. Driving toward them from

. . . we entered the

Rapid City, they rise up toward you with all the brooding presence of a darkening storm, an image strengthened by the contrast between the somber green of the forests and the lighter, almost desertlike colors of the grassy plains. The image does not diminish much as you enter the hills themselves, for this is a very old land, and time has given the elements the opportunity to create a wrinkled, complicated maze of deep canyons, twisted gulches, and bare stone outcrops that thrust like fists from the land; a hundred tumbling creeks and creeklets; and a tangled natural cover that is a crossroads of mountain tree forms—paper birch and white spruce from Canada, ponderosa and lodgepole pine from the Rockies, ash, elm, and bur oak from the East. It is a shadowy, ancient world, where the sun arrives late and leaves early, where hot springs sputter and gasp and hidden coal seams are touched by lightning and burn constantly, sending drifts of smoke among the trees. It does not surprise you that the Indians found mystery and dreams in these hills a hundred years ago.

Such cosmic meditations preoccupied me as I drove my rented car along the contorted little mountain road that led into Deadwood, where I was booked into a motel. The town of Lead (I was quickly informed that it is pronounced to rhyme with "greed"), the site of the Homestake Mine some three miles to the southwest, did not have a motel. This, I discovered, was regrettable, for Deadwood—the definitive western boomtown in the 1870s—I found a dreadful place. It had the most outlandish display of neon and gewgaw history I had ever seen, most of it based upon the underwhelming fact that Wild Bill Hickok had been shot in the back in Deadwood, that he was buried in the boot hill cemetery above the town, and that he might or might not have negotiated a brief business transaction with Calamity Jane, a ponderous whore who was buried beside him, at her own request. After dinner, I aired some of the complaints to the proprietor of the motel's bar. He agreed with me in principle, but maintained that I hadn't really had a chance to taste the town's full banquet of delights. Leaning over the bar conspiratorially, he informed me that there was a genuine, old-fashioned western brothel in town, complete with red velvet wallpaper, overstuffed furniture, crystal chandeliers, brass beds, and lots of gilt—as well as the girls to go with it all. "You really oughta give it a try," he said, flicking me a wink. "The best thing in town." I believed him, but I went to my pillow alone.

The next morning I brushed three inches of snow from the car and in the gray light slithered the three miles into Lead, a town I found utterly charming by comparison. It was a company town of brick and gingerbread that clustered at the bottom and climbed the sides of Gold Run Gulch with a splendid disregard for the laws of gravity. Just at the western edge of town, I turned into a road that led up to the mine

man-cage and began our descent

itself, and rounding a bend, saw before me the towering headframe of the Yates Shaft—one of the two that punctuate the horizontal boundaries of the mine. The headframe could not have been more than a hundred feet in height, but in this forest setting, silhouetted against a sky stained with the light of dawn, it might as well have been a skyscraper. Below it, a huge mill building marched down a hill in a series of gigantic stairsteps. I parked the car and crunched across the snow to the brick engineering building that was my point of rendezvous.

My guides on the adventure were James Dunn, of the Homestake's public relations department, and William ("Blackie") Enderby, a working miner for twenty-three years before coming back on top to take charge of the testing and quality control of new mining equipment. They were quite a pair, these two. Dunn was tall, rangy, and ham-handed, constructed along the general lines of a tight end in the National Football League. Blackie was short and built like a bowling ball with legs—and quite as solid as the image suggests. As was suitable for a state senator (which is what he was in addition to his Homestake duties), Dunn spoke slowly and thoughtfully, while Blackie bit his words off and spit them out like bullets, his bright eyes glittering with life.

What they both were telling me was to suit up. One does not just go down into a deep mine, I discovered; one dresses for the occasion. Shuffling through bins and drawers in the mine's engineering office, Blackie handed me my gear: one pair denim overalls, one pair woolen socks, one pair rubberized boots, one yellow hard hat with "Visitor" stamped on it, and one miner's belt with loops attached. "Now be sure and tell me if the boots fit all right," he said. "We're gonna be doing some walking."

Well, the boots were a little tight, but I didn't want to put him to the trouble of digging me up another pair. I should have. Trussed up and waddling, I was led out of the engineering building toward the Yates headframe some fifty yards across the way. Snowflakes kissed the ground, and Dunn informed me that the temperature was somewhere between ten and fifteen degrees above zero. As a Californian, I found that impressive and wondered aloud whether I should have my coat with me.

Blackie barked out a laugh. "No, no, you won't be needin' a coat, partner, believe me."

Downstairs in the Yates headframe, I was equipped with a self-rescuer—a small canister that contained a gas mask for protection against the poisons of an underground fire (no one goes down without one, I was informed) and a battery pack, which supplied the power for the miner's lamp that was attached to it by a long rubberized cord (the lamp itself could be fixed to the front of the hard hat or held in the hand, whichever the occasion seemed to call for). The self-rescuer and battery pack were strapped to the loops in the back of the miner's belt and bounced against my kidneys like a couple of rocks. On the way to the shaft landing, I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror. If Orson Welles had let his beard grow out a bit and been costumed for a movie about fat astronauts, he would have looked a great deal like me at that moment.

At the landing, Blackie rang for a man-cage, using the ancient dot-and-dash bell code that has been around for as long as anyone could remember—the same code, in fact, used by the Homestake's miners a hundred years earlier. While we waited, I asked about the unearthly clatter going on somewhere above us. That, Blackie told me, was the sound of ore *skips* (cars) being trundled from the upper landing to bins where the ore would be stored for processing. But I forgot that noise the minute we entered the man-cage and began our descent to the first of the deep levels we would visit over the next couple of days. We soon reached the speed of about thirty-five miles an hour, and as we dropped, the cage clanged and thumped outrageously against the sides of the shaft. Without much success, I tried not to think of a story Blackie had told me earlier about the day in 1930 when the old Ellison headframe had burned. The cable for one of the man-cages had melted in the intense heat, and the cage had plummeted to the bottom of the mine. Two men in the cage went with it. Three thousand feet. Straight down.

THAT WAS the beginning, and it was not without its sobering aspects. So was much of what followed that first rattling descent in the man-cage. A deep mine is a frequently exciting and always fascinating world, a place where men practice some of the oldest skills known to the race and do so with a quiet expertise that inspires admiration. Yet it is also a world of shadows, a place of essential violence, where death and injury are never long out of any man's mind. Throughout the two days of my wandering, I could not shake the words J. Ross Browne had used to describe the great mines of the Comstock Lode of Nevada more than a century before: "It is as if a wondrous battle raged, in which the combatants were men and earth. Myriads of swarthy, bearded, dust-covered men are piercing into the grim old mountains, ripping them open, thrusting murderous holes through their naked bodies; piling up engines to cut out their vital arteries; stamping and crushing up with infernal machines their disemboweled fragments; and holding fiendish revels amid the chaos of destruction."

Well, it *is* a battleground, this mine, though not quite so murderous as Browne suggested. By seeing as much of it as I could, I had hoped to clarify in my own mind what I already knew was a complex operation. Yet, like Browne, I came away with the sort of confused amalgam of remembered experience that a soldier must have after the clutter of war. I was left

. . . the mine is a

with images and impressions, pictures that come back to me one by one—snapshots for the mind and memory.

I remember slogging along behind Blackie Enderby and Jim Dunn, streaming with sweat and wondering how in hell I had gotten myself into this. On our first trip down we had been too late for the man-cars, which ran on schedules as rigid as those of an efficient city bus line, and so we marched 7,000 feet straight across the mine at the 4,150-foot level, from the bottom of the Yates Shaft to the bottom of the Ross Shaft. That stroll, together with similar walks over a period of two days, added up to more miles than I cared to think about. I did not care to think about them because it is just plain not easy to get around in a deep mine.

First, the terrain is terrible, full of rocks and potholes and stray bits of lumber, tramp iron, and equipment. And track. The track is laced throughout the mine, and at first I thought it would be easier to walk in the middle of it and avoid the obstacles on either side. But no. The rails were only eighteen inches apart, and after a while I felt as if I were walking a tightrope with my feel muffled in rags. Second, water is everywhere: bubbling out of open hoses for drinking, dripping from overhead pipes, draining from the shafts where it is used as a kind of lubricant between the walls and the sides of the cages, oozing from the wet sand that is used to back-fill the mining areas for support. Combined with the rock dust that seems to settle everywhere, it produces a kind of primeval grease that covers every surface not already under two inches of water. Third, it is dark down there. *Dark*. Except for such islands of light as the shaft landings, various underground shops, offices, and storerooms, and a magnificent computerized hoist room on the 4,550-foot level, most of the mine is a dim and murky world at best; at worst, a world of darkness so elemental it is beyond description. It is not surprising to hear of men who have gone mad when trapped without light in such places. Against such darkness the little beacon of the miner's lamp is a feeble defense.

And finally, there is the heat. I had read about the heat, had even written about it, but I had not understood it. At the 4,150-foot level the temperature approached 100 degrees, and at the 6,800-foot level, where we spent much of the second day, it topped 120 degrees. That alone, after the sub-freezing temperatures at the surface, was a shock to my metabolism, but it was compounded by the humidity, which was close to 100 percent, a blanket of moisture so tangible one could almost touch it. I began to see why the workers I observed moved with such deliberation. Weighed down by unfamiliar equipment, semiblind, and debilitated by a combination of heat and humidity that not only sapped the marrow of my bones but fogged up my glasses, I spent the better part of the two days struggling to stay upright. I did not walk through that mine; I lurched.

dim and murky world at best

I remember staring down a dimly lighted hole perhaps four feet in diameter, with a narrow steel ladder hung inside it. I could not see the bottom. This, Dunn told me, was a borehole, and we would use it to get down to "Duke's Place." Duke's Place, unfortunately, was not a bar & grill where a man might hope to get a cold beer, but a working *stope,* or mining area. I had asked to see it because the two men working it were packing explosives into drill holes and wiring them for the blast that would reduce solid rock to workable ore.

"How, uh, far down is this anyway?" I asked.

"This part of it is ninety feet deep," Blackie answered. "Then there's another section sixty feet down, and another twenty-five feet after that, before we get to Duke's Place."

As it turned out, I only had to stop and rest six or seven times on the way down, clinging with everything I had to the cold, comforting steel of the ladder, before I stumbled out on the floor of Duke's Place. Moving like ghosts over the jumble of loose rock that had been pried from the roof of the stope before drilling, Duke and his partner were going from one to another of a collection of thin red and yellow wires that hung from the roof like spider webs, casting strange bouncing shadows against the gray surfaces of the stope. In a farmer's drawl, Duke explained that they were hooking the wires together, red-to-yellow-to-red, to create the sequence for the blast to come.

"How many holes do you have?" I asked.

"Oh, about two hundred fifty, I reckon. This here is a small stope. In some of the bigger ones, they'll have anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand."

I had expected to see dynamite sticks and blasting caps, the very stuff of drama, but learned that dynamite caps had not been used for years. These had been replaced by what was, in effect, fertilizer—tiny white pellets of ammonium nitrate to which a small amount of ordinary fuel oil had been added. The rest of the blasting paraphernalia was equally prosaic. At one end of each pair of the red and yellow wires was a tiny explosive cap; this was itself capped with what was called a "data primer," a red plastic explosive device perhaps two inches in length and less than half an inch around; the cap and the data primer were stuffed some twelve feet up into the drill hole at the end of a rubber hose through which the ammonium nitrate pellets were then forced by air pressure until they packed the hole solid, leaving the cap wires dangling. Given a charge of electricity, Duke explained, the little cap at the end of the wires would set off the data primer, and the data primer would set off the ammonium nitrate, each of the explosions milliseconds apart.

"It all looks so *harmless*," I said, holding one of the data primers in one hand and fingering the soft ammonium nitrate pellets with the other.

Duke and his partner looked at each other. "It ain't," Duke said.

I remember staring at the roof of a long, dark drift and realizing for the first time what the *elasticity* of rock means. Above me, a pattern of twelve-foot rock bolts had been driven into the living rock to hold it in place. But the concave plates of thick steel attached to the heads of the bolts had been bent to a convex shape by the pressure of rock inexorably moving to fill in the cavity of the drift; some of the plates had actually been snapped off by the pressure. That realization was reinforced when Jim Dunn pointed out an old pillar of timbering elsewhere in the drift. Several years before, thick wedges of wood had been hammered between the horizontal beams of the pillar to hold it tight against the roof; those wedges had by now been crushed as flat as paper. "Man has no business being down here," Dunn said. "He's just as much out of his element here as the men who dive with Jacques Cousteau. Sooner or later, the rock will cave. It has to, and it's something you can never forget."

MIXED IN with all these visual images were the sounds of the mine. Somehow, you expect silence down there, and often you get it, a silence as deep and elemental as the darkness. But most of the time, there is one noise or another—the incongruous chugging of compressed-air locomotives hauling men and ore, the rattle and thump of ore cars, the crash of ore being dumped or loaded, the heavy scraping of automatic slushers scooping ore from the floors of stopes, the growling whine of electric winches and trolleys and hoists, the hollow rush of air through the canvas tubing of the ventilation system and the booming wind of the blowers, the splash and drip of water, the constant punctuation of whistles and buzzers and bells, the clanging of steel doors . . . But there are two sounds in the mine that are unlike those anywhere else; once heard, they are never forgotten.

I stood in the dusty murk of a new drift and watched a two-man team of drifters piercing its face with powerful automatic drills—which looked like nothing more than huge machine guns. I had spent much of my life working next to an old-fashioned Goss four-color press, and until this moment I had thought that those years had taught me everything I would ever need to know about noise. I knew nothing. The howling of those incredible drills was a veritable hurricane of noise, inhuman, as if the very earth were screaming in pain. The sound was a physical pressure, and not even the earplugs Blackie had given me could keep it out of my head. I found myself instinctively opening my mouth to equalize the assault against my eardrums, and when the noise finally stopped, it was as though the world had ceased.

The other unforgettable sound came at the end of the shift

. . . I only had to

on my second day underground. We had gone back to Duke's Place because he had told us they would be blasting at the end of the day. When we struggled to the top of their twenty-five-foot hole, we found Duke and his partner waiting for the man-cars that would take them to the shaft landing after the blast. While we waited with them, Blackie pointed out the two lead wires that came up out of the hole and were strung forty or fifty feet down the drift. They led to a blasting box about the size and shape of an ordinary car battery. In it were two buttons, one black and one red. The black one was used to test the battery's charge, Blackie explained; the red one was the fire button. I had expected to see something with a plunger on it, and like the rest of the blasting equipment, this plain gray box was a disappointment. I asked if it would be all right if I stood next to the box when the blast was fired.

Blackie shook his head. "You wouldn't want to do that, partner. Believe me."

Disappointed, I climbed on the man-cars with Dunn and Blackie when the locomotive came chugging down the drift. We were taken another two hundred feet or so away from Duke's Place; then the locomotive stopped and waited. There were perhaps thirty men crowded into the four man-cars behind the locomotive. Dirty and sweating, their faces had a look I remembered from my own youth—the mark of a quiet and strangely satisfying exhaustion that comes at the end of a day of honest work. They were very still. Then from somewhere in the dim recesses of the mine's innards we heard the faint crack! and rumble of distant explosions, like thunder on the other side of a mountain. Down the drift, Duke yelled something I could not make out, and Blackie told me to put my fingers in my ears and bow my head. What followed was not so much sound as experience. The very earth heaved in convulsion, and wave after wave of concussion passed over us like fists of wind. The roar of the explosion echoed for what seemed like hours. When I finally raised my head, I could see the drift behind us filling with dust, out of which Duke and his partner emerged, a pair of dirty phantoms.

Blackie was grinning at me. "O K? Now you've heard a blast."

THROUGHOUT the two days underground, I had been nagged by a vague sense of familiarity, a feeling of déja vu. It was the photographs, of course, the hundreds, even thousands, of photographs of nineteenth-century western mining I had pored over through the years, and I was struck by how little that was essential had changed. The machines were different, more efficient and powerful, obviously, but neither the work nor the environment had changed much. It was still a very human business underground, a matter of muscle and sweat, darkness

stop and rest six or seven times

and dust and danger. The work had not changed nor had the dirty, worn, pale faces of men who spent the bulk of their lives out of reach of the sun.

At the surface, all such similarity ended, for there technology had its day. On the top, it was a world of machines, not men—the immense Norden hoists wrapping arm-thick cables around their spools, the grumbling, clattering heavy steel spheres crushing the lifted ore in the top of the shaft house, the great rod-and-ball tumblers grinding that same ore to a powderlike mud in the stair-step building of the South Mill, the revolving distributors in the sand plant spraying that mud into huge vats so that it could be leached of its gold by a cyanide solution for treatment in the retorts and furnaces and electrolytic pans of the refinery. Machines and chemistry worked together in a complex procedure so completely automatic that in the South Mill and the sand plant two shifts of eight men apiece were enough to handle the entire operation.

The human element did not return until I stood in the assay office of the refinery, for it was here that all the work of muscle and machines was justified. When Dunn and Blackie escorted me into the office, the chief assayer and his assistants were weighing paddle-shaped slabs of bright gold on a large brass scale. These slabs, Dunn told me, were crude bullion about 97 "fine"—97 percent pure gold. Some of them would be shipped off as they were, others returned for further refining in an electrolytic process that would create bars of "four nines" (99.99 percent purity). One of these bars was sitting on a desk.

"Go ahead," Dunn said. "Pick it up."

It was heavy, but I had expected that. What I had not expected was that something could look and feel like this. It glowed with an unearthly luster and was warm, almost soft, to the touch, like a living thing. "How much is this thing worth?" I asked after a moment of reverent silence.

The assayer checked on the day's market quotations, then punched the buttons and pulled the handle of an old-fashioned calculator. "A little over fifty-seven thousand dollars," he said.

Fifty-seven thousand dollars! Notions of larceny briefly flickered through my mind—then I reluctantly placed the bar back on the desk.

That fifty-seven-thousand-dollar bar of almost pure gold went a long way toward explaining why the Homestake Mining Company had stayed in business for a hundred years; why it had invested millions upon millions of dollars in equipment, buildings, and men; why it had stubbornly remained in business even during the dry years when it cost more to produce the gold than it would bring on the market. It had been a gamble, and when the federal government removed its restrictions in 1975 and the price of gold rocketed, the gamble paid off. Yet that bar of gold did not explain everything. It did not explain why four generations of workingmen would go down into that world of darkness and risk. The Homestake is probably one of the safest deep mines in the world. Safety is a serious business, and the company takes it seriously, with safety signs everywhere you look, regular awards given for safety records, periodic pep talks and formal lectures on safety. Still, nothing can obscure the fact that mining remains a dirty, difficult, and dangerous job.

Sitting at the bar of the Silver Shadow saloon in Lead on the evening of the second day, Blackie and I talked about some of this. He told me of accidents he had heard of and some he had seen—like the day a loaded ore car broke loose and went hurtling down into a drift, killing one man outright and shearing the legs off another. And he told about silicosis, the single most persistent hazard in a hard-rock miner's life, the rock-dust disease for which no effective cure has ever been found.

"Why do they do it then?" I asked Blackie. "Day after day, year after year? Why did *you* do it for twenty-three years?"

He shrugged. "It's a good job and a steady one. A good miner can make as much as twenty thousand a year."

"That can't be all of it. I wouldn't spend my life down there for fifty thousand a year. What is it—is it the gold itself?"

Blackie shook his head emphatically. "No, no, it ain't that. Most guys have never seen the stuff. I hadn't been in the refinery myself in years, until today. After a while, you don't even think about what it is you're mining. What you said there about not ever wanting to do it, though, that has something to do with it. A miner just isn't *like* other folks, and that's a fact. And he knows it. He knows he's doing work and learning skills most of the world will never know anything about—wouldn't want to know. There's a kind of pride in that. Hell—there's a lot of pride. Me, for example, I drilled and blasted a lot of the drifts we've been walking through, and I'm proud of the work."

He twirled his drink and looked at me warily, as if expecting to be laughed at. "There's something else, at least for me. A miner is a kind of pioneer. I mean, when a man drills and blasts out a piece of that country down there, mucks out the broken rock, then steps on the new ground, he's the first living thing to have touched that earth. Nothing's been there before him—not a microbe, not a lichen or a bug or a lizard—nothing. He's the first."

He took a sip of his drink. "Not much of an answer, I guess."

Not much of an answer? I stared with admiration at this powerful, dark little man. "That, my friend, will buy you another drink. You miss it down there, don't you?"

He rubbed a hand over his face. "Yeah, sometimes I do. A lot." He shrugged. "But what the hell—everybody has to come up sometime."

T. H. Watkins, *a former editor of this magazine, is a member of the board of editors of* American Heritage *magazine. His most recent book, written with R. R. Olmsted, is* Mirror of the Dream: An Illustrated History of San Francisco.

John Clymer

Historian with a Paintbrush

by Walt Reed

WHEN ARTIST JOHN CLYMER looks out of his studio windows he has a magnificent view of the Teton Range and at almost any time of the year can see moose, mule deer, and coyotes somewhere on the slopes. John can also watch the changing light on the trees, sagebrush, and mountainside, observing them at different times of day and from season to season. In short, he is living in the environment he likes best and feels that the more it becomes a part of him, the better he can paint it.

To reach this place in Wyoming the Clymers have, as in John's painting career, taken a circuitous route. From Washington State to Vancouver to Ontario to New York and Westport made half the circle. During their sixteen years in Westport, New York City was the focal point of John's work as an illustrator, with traveling restricted to the summers when the children were not in school. However, weekends provided the opportunity to pack a lunch and to drive out into the Connecticut countryside. One place they especially enjoyed and visited again and again was a picnic area on the Bridgewater–New Milford town line with a charming view up and down the Housatonic Valley. One day while they were enjoying the peaceful rural scene, John pointed to the hill directly across the road and said, "There's where I would like to live!" On a fence post right where he was pointing was a sign, "For Sale—20 Acres." So they bought it and built a home on the hillside overlooking Lilinohah Park.

A John Clymer Portfolio

Sacajawea at the Big Water 1806

GOLD MEDAL IN OIL, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF WESTERN ART SHOW, 1974

The Lewis and Clark Expedition was sent to explore the vast territory added to the United States by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. The explorers' journey began in 1804, near the present site of Saint Louis, and took more than two years to complete. During the first winter in North Dakota the expedition was augmented by an interpreter, Toussaint Charbonneau, and his wife, Sacajawea, a Snake or Shoshoni Indian. Sacajawea was valuable to the expedition because she could speak the Shoshoni language. It was her people that the explorers met when their boats reached an impasse on the Salmon River and they needed horses to cross the mountains before the arrival of winter snows. With Sacajawea's aid they were able to obtain the horses and safe passage through the Bitterroot Range, and two and a half months later they reached the Pacific.

While the Lewis and Clark party was wintering at Fort Clatsop, a few miles inland from the ocean, they learned that a large whale had washed ashore. When a group led by Clark visited the place, Sacajawea, who had asked to go along to see "the Big Water," was in the party.

They moved to Bridgewater in 1953, and the next seventeen years were their happiest years in the East.

Winters were devoted to *Saturday Evening Post* covers and other commercial assignments, some animal and historical paintings. But summers—when their daughter was out of school—were spent in traveling throughout the West.

"We kept studying the country and learning as much as we could about the early history of the places we visited," John explains. "I was becoming less and less interested in magazine assignments and deadlines and more and more interested in painting wildlife and subjects of my own choosing. I had been exhibiting with Grand Central Art Galleries in New York City, and they were selling my pictures. After one of the trips to Montana I did my first history painting. When I took it in to Grand Central they weren't at all sure they could sell it. However, in about a week someone came in and bought it. The next day another person came in and said, "Where's that history painting you had here the other day?" He was very disappointed to find that it was gone and asked to see the next one I did.

"The time had come, I decided, to finish up my remaining commitments and to make a clean break. Working on illustrations would only interfere with all the things I wanted to record. I was not going to take another commercial job. From now on I was going to become a full-time painter.

"Now that the Galleries were asking for history paintings, our western trips came more and more to be history treks. We began by following the Oregon Trail. One year my wife, Doris, had found a book on the Oregon Trail that named points of interest and told interesting events that occurred along the route. We took the book along with us, and as we rode along she would read about the events that happened and the landmarks that were located in the area we were traveling that day. Ocassionally we would find old wagon ruts or a place where the wagons had been let down steep inclines with ropes, old graves of people who had died along the way, Oregon Trail campsites, and rocks where early travelers had inscribed their names. We saw landmarks like Court House Rock and Chimney Rock that could be seen for miles by people journeying along the trail in Nebraska. A little farther on we came to Robidoux Pass, the old pass that was used before the trail went through Mitchell Pass at Scott's Bluff. Whenever we would come to a history marker along the road I had to stop the car so we could read it. Doris would never let me pass up

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This article is adapted from John Clymer: An Artist's Rendezvous with the Frontier West *by Walt Reed with a foreword by Harold McCracken, just released by the Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona. Copyright © 1976 by Walt Reed. The paintings accompanying the article have been selected from the book.*

John Colter Visits the Crows 1807

GOLD MEDAL IN OIL, 1975 COWBOY ARTIST OF AMERICA EXHIBIT.

FOR AN ARTICLE ON JOHN COLTER, TURN TO PAGE 47

Following the Lewis and Clark Expedition, there was considerable interest in trapping and trading for furs in the country west of the Missouri. One of the earliest trading posts in the new country was established by Manuel Lisa, a fur trader from Saint Louis, in the late fall of 1807. Named Fort Raymond after his son, but better known as Fort Manuel, it was located at the junction of the Bighorn and Yellowstone rivers.

John Colter, who had been a member of the Lewis and Clark party, was on his way to Saint Louis after a winter spent trapping on the Yellowstone when he met Lisa's party going up the Missouri and was persuaded to turn back and work for him. It was too late in the season for much trapping, so Colter and some of the men at the new fort were sent out as emissaries to the Indian encampments to urge them to come in to trade. Colter traveled some five hundred miles to encounter the Crow nation in their winter camps.

In this picture he is approaching a camp located on the South Fork of the Shoshone River, holding his gun in the air to show he comes in peace, while making the sign for "talk" to the curious throng of Indians coming out to meet him.

The first recorded journey by white men over South Pass and along much of the Big Medicine Trail of the Indians was made by the Robert Stuart party in 1812. Stuart was the first white man known to have found and followed a route from the Pacific to Saint Louis that could be used by wagon trains. South Pass provided a roadway through the Rockies, and the section along the Platte River later became known as the Oregon Trail.

But the group, who were carrying dispatches east to John Jacob Astor from Fort Astoria on the Pacific Coast, met near-disaster when their horses and supplies were stolen by Indians. Suffering greatly, they traveled by foot and lived off the land.

In Survival, *the desperate men are shown in what is now Wyoming, stripping the meat from an old buffalo carcass, and in their hunger, eating it raw.*

Survival 1812

GOLD MEDAL, "SALUTE TO THE OLD WEST" EXHIBIT,
GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, 1973

one of these. Every year there would be more markers pointing out landmarks, historic sites, or where changes in the trail had been made from time to time.

"Part of the fun in the early years, though, was in searching for the places we read about. We found such well-known places as Split Rock, Sweetwater Crossing, Devil's Gate, Independence Rock, and South Pass in Wyoming were marked, but we had to find for ourselves Register Rocks and the wagon ruts in sandstone near Guernsey, Wyoming, and also Massacre Rocks and Three Island Crossing in Idaho. The more we traveled the old trail, the more interested we became. One cannot study the Oregon Trail without learning what a large part of Western history took place along it. First came the Indians following the game trails, then the early trappers and mountain men looking for furs and bringing supplies to rendezvous, next the wagon trains of the settlers, the Mormon pushcart brigades, the missionaries, the gold seekers, the army and army posts, the Pony Express, the Overland Stage, the telegraph.

"After our first trip to Fort Benton and the Great Falls area we realized we wanted to see more of the Missouri River, which had been a major artery of travel for many of the early adventurers journeying from Saint Louis to the northwest. In the summer of 1966, Doris and I embarked on a float trip on the Missouri River from Fort Benton to the Robinson Bridge at the James Kipp State Park. There was a party of four of us and two crew members aboard *The Chief,* the outboard-powered, pontoon platform boat. It carried us for four days, 144 miles downriver, during which time we camped out at night and often stopped along the shore to explore. Our route passed through the white cliff area so vividly described by Lewis and Clark and other early and later-day travelers on the river. It was also the subject for several of Karl Bodmer's paintings. Along this section of the river are old Indian campsites and buffalo jumps, Lewis and Clark campsites, sites of old forts and military posts, and well-known rapids and bars where early-day steamboat wrecks occurred. This section of the river winds through an area where great buffalo herds once roamed. In the days before the settlers there were also large numbers of deer, elk, prairie wolf, mountain sheep, antelope, and the formidable grizzly bear described by Lewis and Clark. I was inspired to do a number of historical paintings based on our exploration of that area.

"On our western journeys we kept crossing and recrossing the route of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and I became interested in their story. Later we followed their route from Saint Louis to the Pacific as follows: up the Missouri River to Three Forks, from which they followed the Jefferson and Beaverhead Rivers, to Lemhi Pass where they acquired horses from Sacajawea's people. This enabled them to cross the Continental Divide and follow the Bitterroot Valley down to the Lolo Trail, which

Whiskey, Whiskey

In 1825 the Ashley and Henry fur company abandoned the old idea of using a fixed fort as a base of operations and began the rendezvous system, in which company traders with Saint Louis goods met their trappers at an agreed-upon spot in the mountains. This annual meeting, the rendezvous, eventually became a momentous frontier event. Indians and trappers from the entire area brought in their furs, while traders brought wagons and pack trains loaded with trinkets, necessities, coffee, tobacco, gunpowder, lead, guns, and traps. A substantial portion of the load was whiskey.

In addition to the necessary business transactions, socializing was an important part of the gathering to these mountain men who lived dangerous and lonely lives far from civilization. In this painting, a small group of trappers whoop into a Green River rendezvous, lured by the sight of whiskey and old friends.

they followed over the Bitterroot Mountains down to the Clearwater River. There they left their horses with the Nez Percés and traveled on by boat down the Clearwater, the Snake, and the Columbia to its mouth, where they wintered just a few short miles from the shore of the Pacific Ocean. We have visited their winter headquarters at Fort Clatsop and followed their route to their salt works, and we walked on the beach where Clark and party went to see the whale and Sacajawea first saw the ocean.

"The trail of Chief Joseph converged with and overlapped this trail in a number of places during the retreat of the Non-Treaty Nez Percés out of Idaho toward Canada in 1877, when the army was after them. After the battle at White Bird Hill they too crossed the Lolo Trail going east into Montana, where they came down through the Bitterroot Valley, crossed and recrossed the Continental Divide and headed for Yellowstone Park, having engagements with the army as they went. We have visited the battlegrounds at White Bird Hill, Big Hole, and Camas Meadows.

"Three years ago when I was up in Montana, I drove north a few miles from Fort Benton to the Bear Paw Mountains to the location of the battlefield where the army finally caught up with Nez Percés and Chief Joseph surrendered. The place is now marked out with stakes to show where Chief Joseph's tent was, White Bird's tent, and the whole layout of the Indian camp. Up around the perimeter were low-lying hills. The Indians would dig rifle pits, a hole big enough for them to conceal themselves in while shooting, and they also dug shelter pits for the women, children, and old people to hide in. Vestiges of these are still visible.

"Being on the spot where an event occurred is much different than just reading about it. Going and seeing the actual places makes history come alive for me.

"I think it is the accumulation of all these experiences, the research and the old stories, the trips on the old trails to actual places, the visits to history museums large and small, that makes it possible to do pictures that are real and believable and have the feeling of the place and the time. I have always tried in both wildlife paintings and historical paintings to take the viewer to an actual place and make him feel he was really there."

On their trips west, the Clymers systematically explored the Dakotas, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alberta, all of which they enjoyed. One particular area which they always visited on each trip was Yellowstone Park and Jackson Hole. It became such familiar country that it was almost like going home.

Having been raised in the West, the Clymers had always intended to move back there someday. With their children grown, and John no longer dependent upon the New York

market, the time came in 1968 when they were free to make the big move. It was only natural that they would think of Jackson Hole first.

An advertisement in the Jackson Hole Guide described a property available in nearby Teton Village. They liked what they saw. The clincher was the stipulation that everything be kept in a natural state, with no grass lawns. Remembering the three acres he'd kept mowing back in Bridgewater, John said, "I'll take it."

In 1969, John was made a member of the Cowboy Artists of America and began to show paintings at their annual exhibition at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. During the winter of 1969, while the new house and studio were being built in Teton Village, the Clymers remained in Bridgewater where John painted the three large historical pictures that were to become part of the Winchester Western Exhibit at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art in Cody, Wyoming. During this busy winter he also had to prepare paintings for the 1970 Cowboy Artists of America show and for his other gallery commitments, as well as to pack up his studio effects. In June of 1970 the new home and studio were completed, and the Clymers moved west.

The National Academy of Western Art was founded in 1973, and John became a charter member. It, too, has an annual show. This, in addition to the Cowboy Artists' exhibition, means painting enough pictures for two big shows every year as well as those for his galleries.

Fortunately the weather cooperates. For six months in the winter while the snow piles up, it is very quiet in Teton Village. So John "holes up" in his studio where he can paint steadily every day and evening uninterrupted. Doris concentrates on the historical research. In summer they visit the places that may provide subjects for painting the following winter. This is also the time for visits with family, friends, and collectors. In between, John does manage to get in a little fishing.

The visitor who comes into John's studio and sees a finished painting on the easel may never have the opportunity to see the progression of the picture from start to finish. Here Clymer describes the process:

"When I first start thinking about a picture I want to paint, I begin with a series of 'doodles' or small pen-and-ink sketches on paper, postage-stamp size. These are made to develop the shape, composition, or design of the picture, concentrating on the arrangement of light, medium, and dark areas as well as the attitude and movement of the figures or animals. I usually have to make a number of these doodles and often have to work on them over a period of time before arriving at an arrangement that is simple and easy to read and moves in a positive manner. Because of the small size, I can't get involved with detail. If the idea is strong and clear enough in miniature, it will carry as a picture in any size.

"When I finally arrive at a composition in the small

George Catlin - Return Journey 1832

Artist George Catlin traveled on the steamboat Yellowstone *when it made its first trip up the Missouri River in the spring of 1832, bringing supplies to Fort Union from Saint Louis. His purpose was to paint the Indians and frontier life, and he spent a month in the Fort Union area. To make his journey to Saint Louis, Catlin joined up with two trappers in a large dugout canoe, which he loaded with all of his materials, sketches, and Indian artifacts, as well as food and ammunition.*

In this picture Catlin is in the stern of the boat, manning the steering oar. Accompanying the travelers is the "war eagle," a bird given to Catlin by Kenneth McKenzie, bourgeois *at the fort. A perch for it was erected on the bow of the boat; the eagle was so tame it stayed on its perch or flew overhead.*

sketch that is satisfying to me, I am ready to start drawing the picture. I then stretch a canvas and do a finished charcoal drawing directly on the canvas, following the composition and movement of my small sketch or doodle. When satisfied that the subject moves in the proper manner, I then get someone to pose for me so I can make a study of the lighting, the drapery, details of hands, feet, or other important features. I then either make a drawing or study or take a photograph of the model posed in the attitude of my composition with attention to details as just described. I use this study to correct the drawing and drapery of the charcoal drawing on the canvas and also refer to it when doing my finished painting.

"Of course, I make a lot of landscape sketches on location and do rely on them for information later in the studio for a particular setting. In the painting *Beaver Flats,* for instance, the man and the willows are massed together to make a flowing form against the snow. This was my mental concept even before making any sketches. Actually from the very beginning I can see my picture in my mind, and as I paint I try to live up to it. This to me is what makes one of my better pictures—if I can come close to what I had in mind when I started out.

"When I start to paint I always keep in mind that my subject—person or animal—has to be influenced and enveloped by the color and mood of the setting and atmosphere of the picture. My palette is limited to the kind of picture I am painting. Generally, a picture will tend to go to a particular color—yellow if it is a fall landscape, red like the *Beaver Flats* color scheme, green in spring or summer, sometimes even blue at the high-mountain levels. Nature is capable of such infinite variety and subtlety of mood, color, and form that it is a constant challenge for an artist to interpret its complexity.

"Once an artist gets in the habit of painting and analyzing nature, he has a lifetime of discovery ahead of him. All painting is just learning to be observant. The more one learns, the more one is able to recognize how things happen with shapes, light, and color, and one is always analyzing them whether or not he is painting. I think anyone who is really observant can learn to draw or paint. It isn't that you have to draw as much as you have to learn to be observant.

"Although I have been painting now for over fifty years, each year becomes more exciting than the one before. Only a small part of the epic story of our western frontier has been recorded in pictures, and it is my ambition to make a truthful contribution to that record in my paintings. I still have a lot of pictures to do."

Walt Reed, ***himself an artist and illustrator, is the author of*** Harold Von Schmidt Draws and Paints the Old West, ***which won the Western Heritage Award for the Best Western Art Book in 1972, and*** The Illustrator in America 1900–1960s. ***He is a member of the New York Society of Illustrators and was for fifteen years associated with the Famous Artists School.***

Sublette and Campbell 1832

COLLECTION OF GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK VISITORS CENTER, MOOSE, WYOMING

One of the leading figures in the Rocky Mountain fur trade was William Sublette, a trapper who joined Willian H. Ashley's fur company in 1822 and became co-owner when Ashley sold out in 1826.

In this picture, Sublette and Robert Campbell, after leaving the 1832 rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, are leading their party out of Jackson's Hole on their return journey to Saint Louis. The long cavalcade with the pack train and furs stretches out behind for a distance of half a mile. Sublette is wearing his arm in a sling following a battle with the Gros Ventre Indians which occurred as various parties were leaving the rendezvous site. Sublette was shot in the shoulder, and his left arm was still in a sling when he arrived in Saint Louis.

The Brief, Hectic Life of JACKSON HOLE NATIONAL MONUMENT

by Robert W. Righter

ON THE MORNING of May 2, 1943, a group of heavily armed ranchers met near the border of Jackson Hole National Monument in Wyoming. In the vanguard was the flamboyant movie star and erstwhile cowboy Wallace Beery. During the day the group defiantly trailed some 550 yearlings across the monument to their summer range. The scene might have been a Hollywood set for any one of the many cowboy-genre films of the decade. One could almost expect Indians to sweep down from the surrounding mountains at any moment. However, this was not make believe, and the enemy was not Amerinds but the rangers of the National Park Service. Wisely the monument supervisor ignored this trespass, and direct confrontation was avoided.

For the ranchers, defiance of the newly established monument, although an act of civil disobedience, was primarily a publicity stunt designed to draw attention to their plight. They considered themselves grievously wronged when President Roosevelt signed, on March 15, 1943, Executive Order 2578 establishing Jackson Hole National Monument. They were angry and rebellious. Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes might refer to their ride as "mock heroics" by a bunch of "ghost-hunting cowboys" wearing their "best mail-order regalia," but he would think twice as the furor over the monument continued long past his tenure as secretary of the interior.

In truth, when the president created Jackson Hole National Monument, it was a political decision of some importance. He unleashed a flood of pent-up emotions among the local populace, many of whom had opposed the National Park Service for as long as they cared to remember. However, the controversy mushroomed into much more than a local issue. The struggle brought into sharp focus the hostility of the livestock interests to dominance by the federal government, whether it be the Forest Service, the Park Service, or the Bureau of Land Management. It symbolized the hostility of the westerner to control by Washington and eastern capital. To many it seemed to epitomize the economic conflict between one of America's most wealthy and influential families (the Rockefellers) and the struggling homesteaders and ranchers of Jackson Hole: a clear case of great wealth amassed against the little man. The issue also illuminated the ongoing conflict between the conservation philosophies of the United States Forest Service and the National Park Service. For its part, the state of Wyoming would see the issue in terms of states' rights versus the national government. Some opponents would see themselves as the last of the rugged individualists doing battle with the planned society of the "New Dealers." Finally the monument conflict would take on political party overtones as well as become part of a power struggle between the executive and legislative branches of government. It would be seven years before the controversy was resolved and the monument gave way to present-day Grand Teton National Park.

Although the establishment of Jackson Hole National Monument was the climax of the controversy, it was by no means the beginning. Debate over the ultimate use of Jackson Hole land was of long standing. The controversy might have been avoided had Congress in 1872 drawn the boundary of Yellowstone National Park farther south. They did not, but in 1891, Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve was created, which, by July 1908, had evolved into Teton National Forest. While the Forest Service controlled the lion's share of the land, the newly established (1902) Bureau of Reclamation utilized the waters. These agencies were committed to the wise use of resources for human economic benefit. With such a philosophy the well-meaning Bureau of Reclamation dammed spectacular

The tranquility of this autumn scene at Jackson Lake, Grand Teton National Park, belies the stormy controversy that surrounded the area for more than fifty years.

DAVID MUENCH

Jackson Lake to provide additional water for the Minidoka Project in Idaho. It was an act of environmental desecration second only to the inundation of Yosemite's Hetch Hetchy Valley, but at the time few Americans seemed aware that natural beauty was a limited and valuable resource. In the years to follow, aesthetic conservationists would fight a running battle with the bureau as well as the state of Wyoming engineers, who seemed intent on impounding every scenic lake in Jackson Hole for local irrigation, regardless of stunning beauty, sterility of soil, or severity of climate.

Although exploitive use seemed in the ascendency in these early days, there were those who believed that Jackson Hole was meant for a higher purpose than providing water for potatoes, lumber for two-by-fours, or beef for tables. One such man was Charles D. Walcott, chief of the United States Geological Survey. Visiting the area in 1898, he recommended the establishment of a Teton national park based on the aesthetic beauty of this "Switzerland of America."

Some eighteen years later another public official would motor through the Hole and catch Walcott's vision. The year was 1916, and the man was Horace Albright, assistant director of the soon-to-be-established (August 25, 1916) National Park Service. Albright was accompanying his chief, Stephen Mather, and Alexander T. Vogelsang, first assistant secretary of the interior. All were entranced by the sublime beauty which they beheld, but it was young Albright who would perceive the potential of the panorama before him. He was at once determined that this area of unexcelled beauty should be preserved for all time. Transforming an idea into reality would prove more difficult, and Albright would feel endless frustration, give countless speeches, and absorb innumerable insults before thirty-four years later, he would realize this vision.

Jackson Lake National Monument, 1943–1950
(Area in blue)

At first, however, it seemed easy. All that was required was an extension southward of Yellowstone National Park. Working with Wyoming Congressman Frank Mondell, in 1918 Albright drafted legislation to achieve this purpose. The bill was carefully drawn and skillfully lobbied, and seemed destined for passage until Senator John Nugent of Idaho objected on the Senate floor, effectively killing the bill. Ostensibly he was protecting sheep-grazing rights, but in truth his action reflected the fear and hostility of the livestock industry to the federal government in general and the National Park Service in particular. The following year, Mondell reintroduced the bill, but the pendulum of feeling had swung, and the bill got nowhere.

Defeat was not in the National Park Service lexicon in those early, buoyant days, and certainly was anathema to Horace Albright. By the summer of 1919, young Albright had left the frustrations of Washington politics to take up the challenging (and more wholesome) duties of superintendent of Yellowstone National Park. For ten years he held this position, earning the rather factitious title "Duke of Yellowstone." During these years he often journeyed south to cajole or convince residents that the future lay with tourism rather than cattle. By 1923 some prominent ranchers were convinced and formulated the "Jackson Hole Plan" to preserve the area in its pristine, historic setting.

For Albright it was simply a matter of time. The inclusion of the Teton Range and the Jackson Hole area in the national park system was inevitable and tantamount to a sacred national trust. He once characterized the national park system as the "Nation's Gallery of its finest works of Nature": leaving the Tetons out would be like denying a Rembrandt to the National Gallery of Art.

Just as philanthropy has brought Rembrandt paintings to the National Art Gallery, it was the charitable instincts of the wealthy which would materialize Albright's dream. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., visited Yellowstone National Park in 1924 with his sons, John, Nelson, and Laurance. Superintendent Albright met the millionaire in Gardiner, Montana, and escorted him and his family for three days, then saw to their quiet departure via Cody, Wyoming. It was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

In July 1926, Rockefeller returned to Yellowstone for a twelve-day vacation. Soon Albright was motoring his guest south to the Teton country. The first day they picnicked on a hill (now "Lunch Tree Hill" adjacent to Jackson Lake Lodge) overlooking Jackson Lake. Five moose browsed contentedly in the marsh below them. Across the lake spread the majestic Teton Range. It was a day and a view destined to make a lasting impression on the scion of wealth from the East. The following day they drove south toward Jackson. Rockefeller was

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Conservationists were determined to preserve views like this one of the imposing Cathedral Group in the Grand Tetons by including Jackson Hole in the national park system.

DAVID MUENCH

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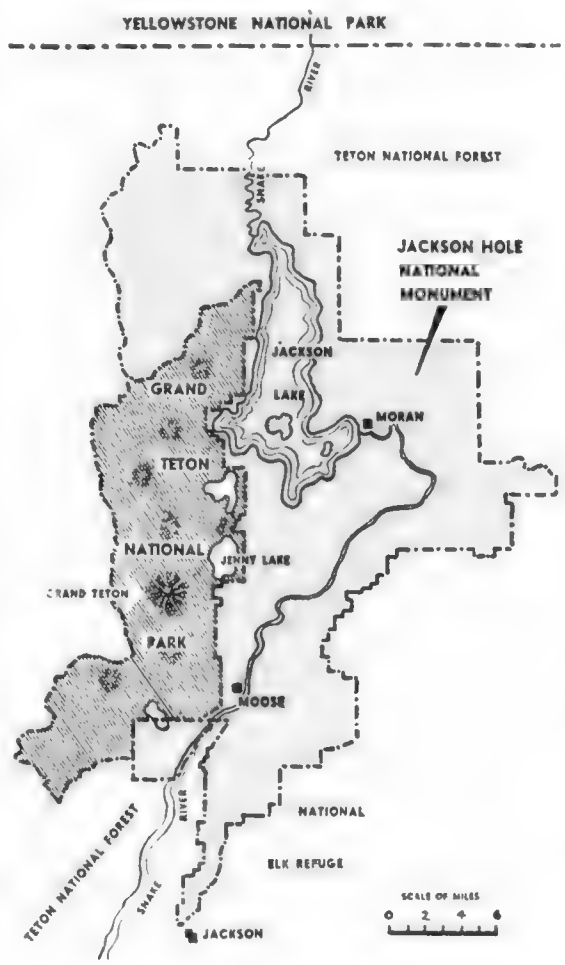

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INDUSTRIAL ARCHEOLOGY

A New Look at Our Industrial Heritage

by Theodore Anton Sande

FOR SOME TIME NOW, Americans have heard they live in a "post-industrial" age. The busy factories, mills, power plants, transport terminals, and rail and highway grids that we see all around us are, we are told, of the past, not the future. Yet it is the spread of industry that formed the whole order of our society from the beginning years of the United States. Now, the post-industrial theory tells us, this spread has run its course, and we must recognize a new and vastly different set of principles.

Perhaps the growth of interest in industrial archeology in America over the past ten years is evidence that the prophets of the post-industrial age are right. We seem most willing to appreciate and learn from what has lately been lost.

Of course, industrial archeology is not the only field in which the object of interest is the industrial past. Historians of economics, technology, and culture have explored a number of important questions pertaining to the industrial revolution and its aftermath. What distinguishes industrial archeology from these is its point of departure—the industrial site and its interpretation. This approach demands multidisciplinary cooperation in order to comprehend the full range of past methods, production, working conditions, daily life, social patterns, economic organization—whatever. "Industrial monuments" (understood to refer primarily to fixed-in-place buildings, earthworks and machinery, or their remains) are to be explored, measured, recorded and, above all, placed in a *historical* setting.

It is this looking at the instruments and edifices of industrial society as culturally significant artifacts that is characteristic of industrial archeology, and it it this, too, that is relatively recent, especially in America. It would not have occurred to any of the men who built our modern industries to think of industry as the object of serious study for an array of persons, from scholars to enthusiastic amateurs, who call themselves industrial archeologists.

Indeed, until quite recently the rule has been for most people to regard objects like the ones that appear on the following pages as utilitarian embarrassments, to be ignored if possible, otherwise despised. This attitude is less evident today. We are reappraising the mills, factories, terminals, workers' housing, and other structures that earlier generations looked at but, in a sense, never saw. We are learning to see them now and find in them a whole new subject for appreciation and research. It is clear to us that industrial sites, old and recent, are essential parts of American history. For all that can be learned from them, they need to be recorded, analyzed, and preserved as carefully as the ancient townsites, artworks, and cathedrals of more traditional archeology.

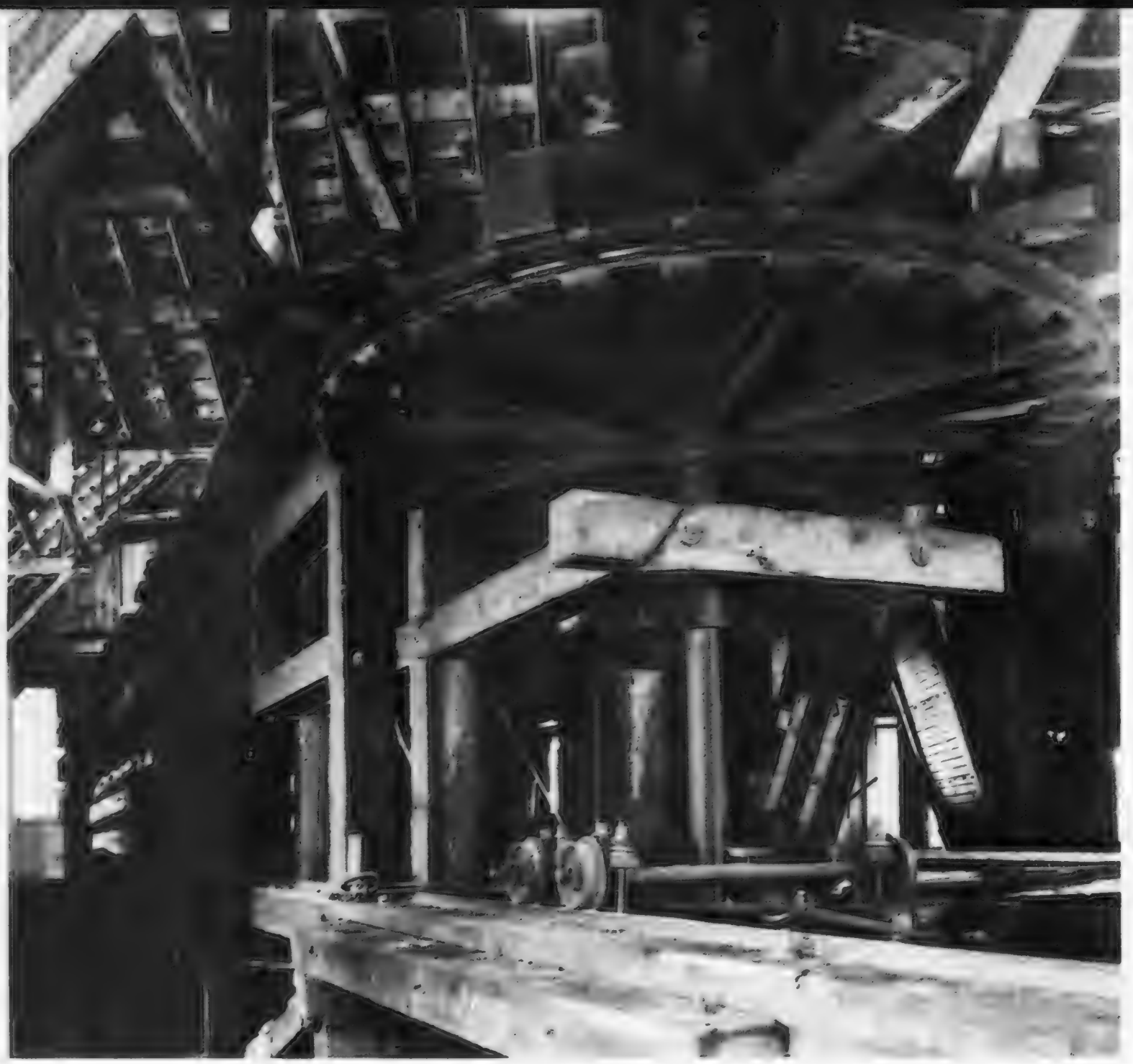
As more and more laymen as well as historians, social scientists, architects, engineers, and others come to share this outlook, industrial archeology comes into it own. Through the international Society for Industrial Archeology and in a growing literature, the field has already made an impressive start toward accumulating a useful body of knowledge on American industrial history.

Theodore Anton Sande *is director of professional services at the National Trust for Historical Preservation and was the first president of the National Society for Industrial Archeology.*

This article is adapted from Industrial Archeology: A New Look at the American Heritage *by Theodore Anton Sande, published in October by the Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont. Copyright © 1976 by Theodore Anton Sande.*

JACK E. BOUCHER, HISTORIC AMERICAN ENGINEERING RECORD

FOR INFORMATION ON THIS STRUCTURE SEE PAGE 36



SILVER KING ORE-LOADING STATION
Park City, Utah

THIS heavy-timber structure (illustrated on page 34) looms at the end of a Union Pacific rail spur in the mining country southeast of Salt Lake City. The Silver King Mine was discovered in 1892 and was among the most successful silver operations in Utah, continuing in use as late as 1950. Its main shaft extended to 1,300 feet in depth. During the past fifteen years the mine has been largely abandoned, though recently there has been some work in the old shafts.

The ore-loading station stands a mile distant from the mine entrance and a thousand feet lower in elevation. It was linked to the mine by a Finlayson-patent wire-rope conveyor or tramway. The tramway, carrying newly mined ore, entered the ore-loading station at the fourth-floor level, its wire turning around the large bullwheel shown in the photograph above.

The tramway originally ran by simple gravity: the weight of the ores descending from the mine gave the conveyor enough momentum to carry it back up to the mine loaded with fuel or supplies on the return trip. A steam engine may have taken over when the tramway did not run by itself. Buckets attached to the tramway cable dumped ore from the top level of the loading station into hoppers. From the hoppers, the ore dropped through chutes into railroad cars drawn up below for shipment to the smelters.

Other buildings at the mine included an ore house and ball mill, hoisting works, carpenter and machine shops, three miners' boarding houses, and an assay office. Today most of the above-ground buildings, including the ore-loading station, stand deserted or have burned. The wire-rope tramway was dismantled in 1971.

GOLD DREDGE NO. 3
Sumpter Valley, Oregon

NOW WORN by twenty years of neglect, this gangling goose of a machine was part of a once-widespread mining industry in eastern Oregon's Blue Mountains. It is the last of three "Yuba-type" gold dredges that were active in the Sumpter Valley from 1913 to 1954, when this one stopped in its tracks where we see it today.

No. 3's working lifetime amounted to fifteen years between 1935 and 1954 (it was shut down during World War II). The insatiable dredge ran day and night, served by three-man shifts on board and others ashore, and producing an amazing $4.5 million worth of gold.

Essentially, No. 3 is a self-propelled barge on which machines are mounted. Designed for mining alluvial deposits, gold dredges like No. 3 scooped sand and mud from one side of a river or pond and ran it through on-board machinery to sift it for precious metal. The sifted mud and sand were then dumped out on the other side of the stream. Chewing its way along a stream, as No. 3 did on the Powder River, a dredge left a path called a tailing. Like strip-mining, dredging operations wrought havoc on the terrain wherever they went.

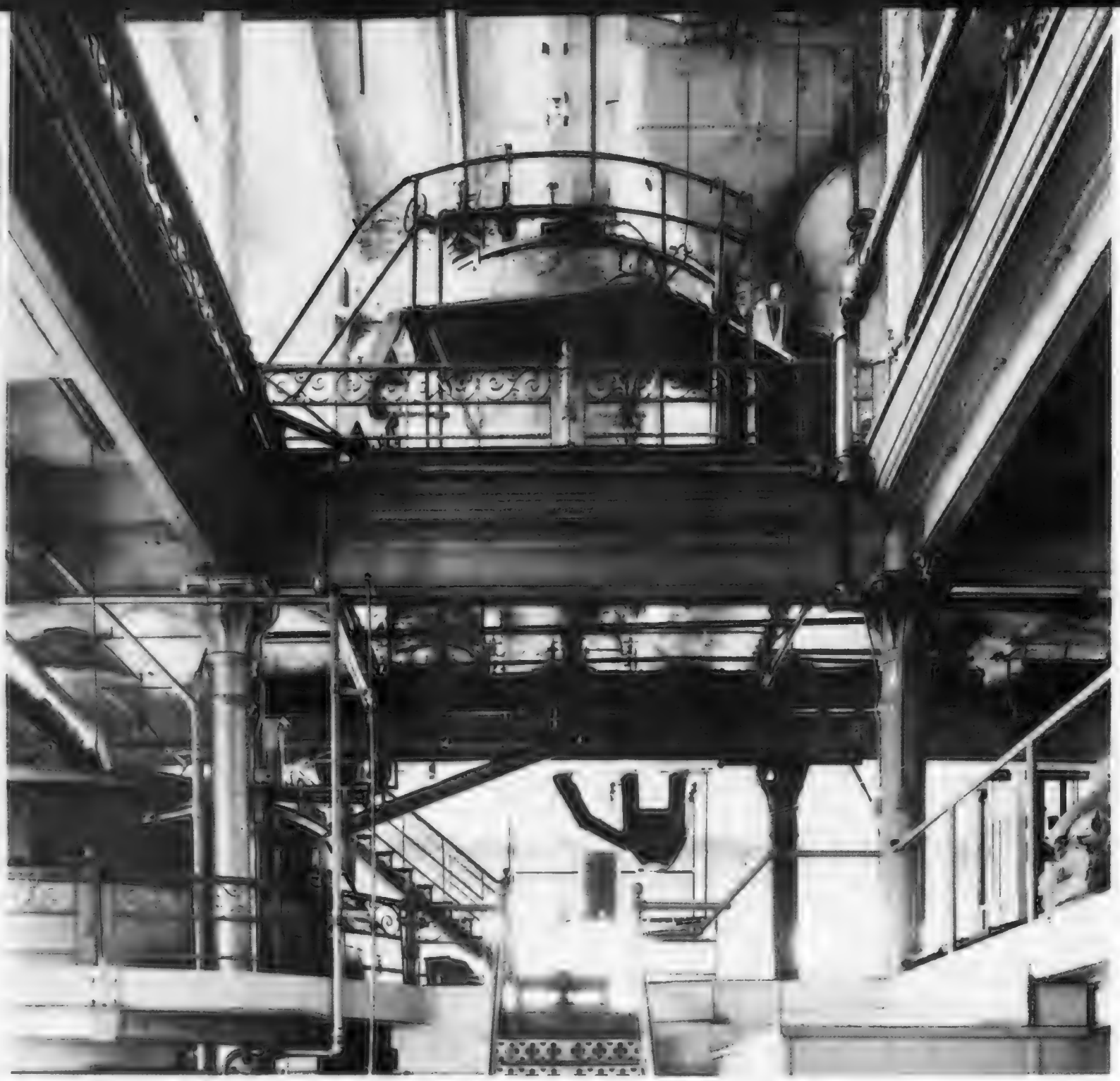
Dredge No. 3 was designed by W. H. Cullers of the Boles' Shipbuilding Company of Portland, Oregon, and built right on the banks of the Powder River. Its hull, of West Coast fir, is 120 feet long and 52 feet wide. On the hull amidships are mounted a wood-sheathed, steel frame housing containing sifting and related machinery, and, at either end, the digging equipment: a conveyor-belt operated "stacker" (just visible at left in the photograph) which dipped its snout into the more easily worked soils, and the bucket-operated "digging line" (at right) which cut its way as much as sixteen feet deep into hardpan.

All deposits brought to the surface by the digging equipment were flushed through revolving screens on the dredge. These sifted out everything under ¾ inch in diameter. A pair of large pumps provided flushing water at the rate of 8,000 gallons per minute.

In addition to No. 3 itself, two trucks, two tractors, machine shops, a sand house, and an office were required to run this dredging operation. All but the dredge have been removed.

Gold dredging came to a standstill in the Sumpter Valley in 1954, when the miners formed the plan of extending digging into portions of the town of Sumpter. Word of the project leaked out prematurely, causing drastic increases in local real estate prices. The project was stopped, and No. 3 has been idle ever since. At last report, plans were underway to restore and convert it into a mining museum.

OREGON STATE HIGHWAY DIV[illegible]



TIVOLI BREW HOUSE
Denver, Colorado

BREWING was an important industry in nineteenth-century America, as it is today. The process involves steeping malt (i.e., barley grains whose starch has been converted into sugar) in water and then boiling it in brew kettles together with other ingredients, notably including hops. The resulting liquid is mixed with yeast and placed in large vats, where it ferments. The finished beer is drawn from these vats and stored until mature and ready to be drunk.

Nineteenth-century brew houses, like banks of the time, were apt to put on architectural airs. The styles in which they indulged themselves were often elaborate and eclectic.

In Denver, the Tivoli (originally Milwaukee) brew house (pictured above) continued production from 1890 into the mid–1960s, with a hiatus during Prohibition. The building is now vacant. Brew houses are such highly specialized structures that it is hard to find other uses for them.

This interior view, looking toward the main entrance side, gives a sense of what the Tivoli was like when in full operation. Hot-water tanks are on the upper level and a mixing vat is on the intermediate level, at the left. Copper brew tanks are out of sight below. In keeping with the opulent brewery architectural tradition is the quatrefoil pattern of the decorative iron stair risers and the curvilinear motif of the railings.

FERRY BUILDING
San Francisco, California

IN ITS HEYDAY, San Francisco's Ferry Building was one of the two busiest transport terminals in the world (the other was Charing Cross Station, London). Fifty million people each year passed by the splendid arches of the Ferry Building's façade. In magnitude the terminal was equal to the vast crowds, extending almost 700 feet along San Francisco's waterfront in the section known as the Embarcadero.

The Ferry Building was officially opened in 1898, but it was not fully complete until 1903. It replaced an earlier one-story wood structure built in 1877. Solidly constructed on a forest of concrete substructure, it was virtually untouched by the 1906 San Francisco Earthquake.

The above-ground structure is steel and brick covered on the outside with a gray Colusa sandstone, and a large portion of the interior was originally covered with marble. The first floor main entrance led inside to ferry-line waiting rooms and the usual assortment of conveniences, including a telegraph office, vendors' stands, and baggage rooms.

But the major attraction was the second floor—a two-story steel-arched room running the length of the building (illustrated above). Now much altered, but once used for grand civic functions and flower shows, the famous hall for many years displayed a huge relief map of California.

East Bay commuter service through the terminal ended in 1939, following completion of the new San Francisco Bay Bridge. During World War II the Navy occupied the Ferry Building, except for one section used by the Southern Pacific Railroad to carry its passengers from Oakland to San Francisco. The Southern Pacific's last ferry made its final trip across the Bay in 1958. The Ferry Building was renovated in 1956 and now houses state offices and a World Trade Center.

BUFFALO BILL DAM
Cody, Wyoming

THE CONCRETE of the Buffalo Bill (formerly Shoshone) Dam is smoothly cut into the weathered stone cliffs of the Shoshone River gorge in northwestern Wyoming. Constructed during 1905–10, it was one of the first high concrete dams in the United States. It was built to store the river's flood waters in a 6,710-acre reservoir. The water was subsequently used for irrigation and to generate electric power.

The dam was named after Colonel William F. Cody, the famous wild-west showman, who was an advocate of irrigation for the arid region. The Shoshone River dam project now irrigates about 94,000 acres.

Built on a so-called constant radius design, the dam is 325 feet high and tapers from a 108-foot thickness at its base to a thickness of 10 feet at the top. It has a volume of 82,900 cubic yards. Near the dam's base is the 5,600-kilowatt Shoshone power plant, completed in 1922.

JACK E. BOUCHER, H.A.E., AMERICAN ENGINEERING RECORD

OGDEN-LUCIN CUTOFF TRESTLE
Salt Lake, Utah

PROJECTING arrow-straight across Utah's shallow Great Salt Lake, this trestle was designed and built by the Southern Pacific Railroad's chief engineer, William Hood, as part of a new line connecting Ogden on the east to Lucin, west of the lake. The span replaced an earlier section of the Southern Pacific line that ran north through the Promontory Mountains. By eliminating the mountain line, the bridge bypassed forty miles of extreme grades.

The project was begun in March 1902 and completed in November 1903 at a cost of roughly $5 million. The trestle is approximately eleven miles long, which must make it one of the largest wood structures in the world. Though it is still in use, the trestle today is secondary to a parallel causeway the railroad built in the late 1950s.

JACK E. BOUCHER, H.A.E., AMERICAN ENGINEERING RECORD

Something Hidden Go and Find It

by Aaron B. Stevens

He came from back east. Virginia. Or perhaps Pennsylvania. He was born in about 1775, and for the first twenty-odd years of his life, there is absolutely no record. But on October 15, 1803, in Maysville, Kentucky, he stepped quietly into recorded history.

Whatever his early life, wherever his previous wanderings, on that day he volunteered for and was chosen as a member of a select group of "good hunters, stout, healthy unmarried men, accustomed to the woods and capable of bearing bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree." His employers were Capt. Meriwether Lewis and Capt. William Clark. His name was John Colter.

The Colter story is a collection of scattered facts, secondhand accounts, and a considerable amount of legend, crossing the years 1804–1810. Lewis and Clark provided substance and authenticity to his existence; his solitary explorations and adventures, recounted by others, did the rest. A lack of personal information to catch

the public fancy has kept his name from the list of more publicized folk heroes of western exploration—the Boones, the Crocketts, the Bridgers, the Carsons, and all the others who followed. He remains in the shadows, part fact, part fiction, just beyond the firm grasp of historians, his origins, and his accomplishments real, yet elusive. A man of unique experiences but forever shrouded and obscure.

John Colter's six years in the American West divide into three phases: the three years with Lewis and Clark, his lone journey as the first white man into what is now the state of Wyoming during 1807–1808, and his repeated experiences with the Blackfeet Indians in the Three Forks country of Montana from 1808 to 1810.

The journals of Lewis and Clark document the progress of the approximately thirty members of that elite company as they move up the Missouri River and its high tributaries, then across the Rocky Mountains, and down the Columbia River to the Pacific. As the expedition continues through the years 1803–1806, a hazy sketch of John Colter emerges.

Increasingly he is a scout and hunter, roaming the periphery of the advancing group, often alone or with one companion. There is never an indication of leadership, but there is abundant evidence of self-reliance and responsibility in carrying out orders as a messenger, and in using excellent independent judgment when working alone. He is apparently an accomplished canoeist. He is never on sick call. His name continually appears in the little spearhead groups used to explore the sideways and alternate routes of the main expedition. He is on the unnavigable Salmon River, along the Bitterroot River, and into innumerable unnamed mountain valleys. At last, he stands near Tillamook Head on the Oregon coast with the Pacific Ocean before him and the plains and rivers and mountains of thousands of miles of travel at his back. Throughout the three years of the expedition he seems to be almost exclusively under the direction of Clark, the geographer, with whom he must share an affinity for and understanding of what they are seeing.

This is all. The journals are maddeningly deficient in personal details about any of the participants. And unaccountably in Colter's case, on the day of enlistment Lewis deviates from his usual custom and makes no notation as to the background and qualifications of this recruit.

In August of 1806, on the Missouri River, as the expedition is heading toward home, friends, civilization, and honor, John Colter asks and is given permission to turn back upriver with two trappers, Dickson and Hancock, the first whites to follow the trail opened by Lewis and Clark. Colter has been with Lewis and Clark thirty-five months and twenty-six days. His wages of $5.00 a month are calculated to be $179.33½. He leaves the expedition and documented history—to enter the shadows of hearsay and immortality.

Colter remained on the upper reaches of the Missouri River in the winter of 1806–1807, perhaps basing at Clark's Fork on the Yellowstone River. No one knows where his explorations may have taken him during those months.

The following spring he started down the Missouri alone, as Bernard DeVoto (*Course of Empire*) says, "remembering deeds and adventures that would have enriched literature if there had been anyone there to write them down." Meeting a big trapping party under Manuel Lisa moving upriver, Colter turned back to the wilderness yet again, and DeVoto says, "This time he marched into American legendary. . . . Without companions, Colter made a journey so remarkable that it makes one's breath catch."

Lisa established a trading post, popularly known as Manuel's Fort, at the mouth of the Bighorn River on the Yellowstone, and in November or December of the year, sent Colter to scout the surrounding countryside and to encourage the Indians to bring in furs for trade.

In the dead of winter, alone, with a thirty-pound pack, snowshoes, a gun and ammunition, this man moved off the boundaries of all existing maps and into the unknown of some of America's most rugged wilderness. His exact course is unknown, but he probably traveled a circuitous route for upwards of five hundred miles. The place names through which he passed still identify today with great sweeps of wild free country. He was the first white man to travel the upper valley of the Bighorn, first to walk the Wind River Range, first to see the Tetons and to enter Jackson Hole, first to see the headwaters of the Snake, and first to see the wonders of the Yellowstone country.

All this alone, all this through country never before seen by a white man, at a time when Saint Louis—a thousand miles and more to the east—was considered the frontier.

And at some point in the Lamar River valley, moving up and out of Yellowstone country, on the very watershed of the continent, alone in the winter cold, John Colter must have looked back toward the grandeurs he had seen, and remembering his wanderings here with Lewis and Clark, known that he had more firsthand knowledge of the American West than any man alive.

Colter's last brush with history came in the Three Forks area of present-day Montana, where the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin rivers converge to form the Missouri. This was prime beaver country but also Blackfoot Indian country.

In the spring of 1808, several months after the journey through the Teton-Yellowstone region, Lisa sent Colter out once more, this time to the Three Forks, again with the purpose of encouraging Indian trade. Traveling with a large party of Crows and Flatheads, he met the Blackfeet, but in ambush and in battle. Colter was

wounded in the leg, and his white presence with the Crows and Flatheads, traditional enemies of the Blackfeet, further increased the Blackfoot resentment toward all whites.

Later in the year, Colter and John Potts, another Lewis and Clark veteran, returned alone to the Three Forks to trap. They were cornered by the Blackfeet, and Potts was killed. Colter was captured and stripped, and his subsequent naked run for life, his escape into the Jefferson River by hiding amongest driftwood, or more romantically, in a beaver lodge, and finally his three-hundred-mile return on foot to Manuel's Fort, have been the true basis for this most popular of all Indian escape stories.

Twice more Colter visited the Three Forks, both times enduring attack and harassment from the implacable Blackfeet. In one of these encounters, George Drewyer (or Drouillard), an extraordinary hunter and interpreter, and like the dead John Potts, a former Lewis and Clark man, was killed.

At last in 1810, after an absence of six years, Colter turned downriver and traveled some two thousand miles to the settlements and civilization. He visited William Clark, now living in Saint Louis, and the description of his journeys added Jackson Lake, Yellowstone Lake, and the surrounding thermally active countryside to the Clark-Biddle map published in 1814.

Colter married and settled along the Missouri River near the present town of Dundee, Missouri. There may have been a son, who would never know his father. John Colter died in 1813, at thirty-eight, probably of hepatitis. His grave site along the Missouri was obliterated in 1926 by the right-of-way for the Missouri-Pacific Railroad.

John Colter left no diaries or journals. At least none has ever been found. Had he lived another fifteen or twenty years his story would have been told. With the passage of time the Lewis and Clark men were revered, and the burgeoning and insatiable curiosity of the East for the adventures of the West would have brought reporters and journalists to his doorstep.

Some of his contemporaries add fragments to the picture. He was decribed as a shy, quiet, and reserved man. And Thomas James (*Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans*) who knew him personally, says he was "five feet ten inches in height and wore an open ingenious and pleasing countenance of the Daniel Boone stamp. Nature had formed him, like Boone, for hardy indurance of fatigue, privation and perils. . . . His veracity was never questioned among us and his character was that of a true American backwoodsman."

Colter is not forgotten. A park in the center of the town of Jackson in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, is Colter Square. A mountain pass high in the Absaroka Range near Cooke City, Montana, on the eastern border of Yellowstone National Park, is Colter Pass. One of the five falls in the Missorui River at Great Falls, Montana, was Colter's Falls (until it was submerged behind a dam). And there is Colter Bay on Jackson Lake in the shadow of the Grand Tetons.

Over two hundred years have passed since his birth, one hundred sixty since his death, and the mists of time have blurred his lonely track. Perhaps it is better, the story left mostly untold. There is still the man who knew the plains, the mountains, the valleys, the rivers when they flowed free; the man who saw the buffalo in numbers beyond comprehension, heard the bugling elk and the cry of wolves, saw the grizzly in the river bottoms, the salmon in the tributaries; the man who knew the Indians as part of the unchanged wilderness. Sights and sounds and memories that no man will have again.

There is the man who must have known numbing loneliness and mind-expanding exaltation. There is the man who stood alone and looked out on the Grand Tetons and the marvels of the Yellowstone—and is marked by history, forever, as the first of his kind to see these places. John Colter. A phantom, a legend, a pathfinder, first of the mountain men.

There are epitaphs. At Colter Bay on Jackson Lake, a commemorative stone:

this bay is named for
JOHN COLTER
discoverer of the teton mountains and scenic wonders of the upper yellowstone. experienced as a hunter for the 1804–1806 lewis and clark expedition, he explored this region in winter of 1807–1808 in the employ of fur trader manuel lisa
dedicated on the 150th anniversary
of colter's historic passage
1957

Poets reach out for his spirit and his shadow. Rudyard Kipling: "The Explorer."

Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the Ranges.
Something lost behind the Ranges.
Lost and waiting for you. Go.

And from the echoes of two hundred years past, borrowing now from Stephen Vincent Benet: when John Colter passes in the night, "the phantom deer arise, and all lost wild America is burning in their eyes."

Aaron Stevens *is a practicing physician in Cambridge, New York. His interest in the history and geology of the West has been stimulated by a number of Wilderness Society trips.*

The Spanish Southwest: 1776

REVIEWED BY RICHARD N. ELLIS

THE commemoration of the Bicentennial in the Southwest has focused on Spanish activities on the northern frontier of New Spain, and this interest has led to several publications. *The Missions of New Mexico* is a new printing of a basic source on Spanish New Mexico; *Without Noise of Arms* describes the Domínguez-Escalante expedition, the diary of which is translated as *The Domínguez-Escalante Journal;* and *Acoma: Pueblo in the Sky* is a history of a pueblo that figures prominently in the above accounts.

The Missions of New Mexico, 1776 by Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, translated and annotated by Eleanor B. Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1956, reprinted 1975; 387 pp., intro., illus., maps, glossary, index, $25.00).*

Without Noise of Arms: The 1776 Domínguez-Escalante Search for a Route from Santa Fe to Monterey by Walter Briggs, paintings by Wilson Hurley *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1976; 212 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $30.00).*

The Domínguez-Escalante Journal Of Their Expedition through Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico in 1776, translated by Fray Angelico Chavez, edited by Ted J. Warner *(Brigham Young University, Provo, 1976; 224 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., notes, glossary, $12.95 cloth, $6.95 paper).*

Acoma: Pueblo in the Sky by Ward Alan Minge *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1976; 180 pp., intro., illus., charts, biblio., appen., notes, index, $12.95).*

The Missions of New Mexico, first published in 1956, is a translation with annotation of a document discovered by France V. Scholes in the National Library of Mexico, and it is a basic source on colonial New Mexico.

Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez was sent to make a report on the missions of New Mexico and to search for a land route to California. His thoroughness and the careful eye for detail make his report of immeasurable value to scholars. Along with a physical description of each mission, Domínguez included information regarding the clergy, Indians, settlements, and economic activities. The careful translation and annotation by Angelico Chavez and Eleanor Adams and the inclusion of supporting documents add to the value of this volume.

While Domínguez completed his visit to the missions, he also made plans with Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante to find a route from Santa Fe to Monterey, recently founded as capital of California. Although scheduled to depart on July 4, 1776, the tiny party of ten did not leave until July 29. Following a portion of the route of Juan María de Rivera's 1765 expedition, the diary of which was recently discovered by Professor Donald Cutter, the Domínguez-Escalante expedition completed a circular route through the Four Corners country, visiting Utah Lake near present Provo, crossing the Colorado River near Glen Canyon Dam, and returning by way of the Hopi villages in Arizona.

Walter Briggs describes the background of the expedition and utilizes Herbert E. Bolton's translation of Escalante's diary to provide a narrative of the journey that is interspersed with selections from that translation. Maps, bibliography, index, and a set of ten paintings by noted landscape artist Wilson Hurley complete the volume.

This was an epic journey of some two thousand miles in five months, but it also marked the end of exploration on the northern frontier of New Spain. The Domínguez-Escalante report is a valuable source on geography and Indian tribes, and the visual attractiveness of *Without Noise of Arms* should help focus popular interest on the history of the Southwest in 1776.

Scholars, however, will appreciate the Chavez-Warner collaboration. By using the earliest-known copy of Escalante's journal and checking later copies, Angelico Chavez has produced the most careful and readable translation available. Editor Ted Warner's introduction places the expedition in perspective and describes previous translations.

Of the pueblos of New Mexico, Acoma, which was visited by Domínguez and Escalante, is among the best known. Called the Sky City, its history is highlighted by dramatic events such as the brutal Spanish attack in 1599. The history of Acoma also provides a case study of Pueblo relations with Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

With the support of the Tribal Council, Dr. Ward A. Minge has written a brief history of Acoma. Although the absence of historical studies of Pueblo Indians gives the book value, it is merely an introduction to the topic, for the 118-page text is disappointingly brief. And in the forty pages covering the period to 1821, there is too much emphasis on Spanish, rather than Acoma, history. This book should appeal more to general readers than to scholars.

The publication of four books on related Southwestern topics provides needed emphasis on the history of that region during the era of the American Revolution, and serves to highlight the contributions of Native Americans and Hispanics to the nation's history. Such publications, along with other bicentennial activities in the West, provide a stimulus to the study of regional history.

Richard N. Ellis *is a professor of history at the University of New Mexico. He is interested in the Southwest and in Indian history.*

Custeriana

REVIEWED BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

Here is a grab bag of Custeriana, yet only part of the literature spawned by this centennial year of the Battle of the Little Bighorn. One would suppose that little new remains to be said about this dramatic and controversial episode or its central protagonist, but most of these books are genuine contributions to the literature of Custer and the Little Bighorn.

Custer in '76: Walter Camp's Notes on the Custer Fight edited by Kenneth Hammer *(Brigham Young University, Provo, 1976; 303 pp., illus., maps, charts, index, $10.95).*

Custer, Cavalry & Crows: The Story of William White as told to Thomas Marquis by Thomas Marquis, annotated by John A. Popovich *(Old Army Press, Fort Collins, Colorado, 1976; 183 pp., illus., $17.50).*

Keep the Last Bullet for Yourself: The True Story of Custer's Last Stand by Thomas B. Marquis *(Two Continents Publishing Group, New York, 1976; 203 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.95).*

General Custer's Libbie by Lawrence A. Frost *(Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1976; 336 pp., illus., notes, index, $19.95).*

Boots and Saddles at the Little Bighorn: Weapons, Dress, Equipment, Horses, and Flags of General Custer's Seventh U.S. Cavalry in 1876 by James S. Hutchins *(Old Army Press, Fort Collins, Colorado, 1976; 81 pp., intro., illus., biblio., appen., notes, $12.50 cloth, $4.50 paper).*

Dakota Twilight: The Standing Rock Sioux, 1874–1890 by Edward A. Milligan *(Exposition Press, Hicksville, New York, 1976; 190 pp., intro., illus., maps, charts, biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.50).*

Custer, Come at Once: The Fort Hays Years of George and Elizabeth Custer, 1867–1870 by Blaine Burkey *(Box 9, Hays, Kansas, 67601, 1976; 112 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $4.50).*

The most significant is Walter Camp's interviews with participants in the 1876 campaign. A meticulous and assiduous gatherer of original materials, Camp set down the recollections of soldiers, Indians, and civilians during the first two decades of the twentieth century. Long buried in the Camp Papers, recently acquired by Brigham Young University, this sampling includes interviews with eight officers, twenty enlisted men, nine of Custer's Indian scouts, eight Indian combatants who fought Custer, and nine other participants in the campaign. With informative annotations by Kenneth Hammer, superior maps, photographs, and other source materials, this is the most important publication on the Custer Battle to appear in two decades.

Two other long-hidden gems are the Marquis books. The author, a physician on Montana's Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation during the 1920s, gained the confidence of both Cheyennes and the neighboring Crows. They provided him with valuable material for several highly regarded books published in the 1930s. *Custer, Cavalry, and Crows* is the story of a Second Cavalry trooper who arrived on the Custer Battlefield with the Gibbon column two days after the fight. Beyond the Custer interest, it is an exceptional narrative of frontier military life by an enlisted soldier. *Keep the Last Bullet for Yourself* is Marquis's own analysis of the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Although Indians told of Custer's men shooting themselves, not all will accept Marquis's thesis that mass suicide explains the swift and utter annihilation of Custer's command. All, however, will find the reasoning provocative.

Lawrence Frost has written a long, detailed, and richly illustrated biography of that always fascinating figure who followed George Armstrong Custer from fort to fort for twelve years, then survived him through fifty-seven years of widowhood. Libbie Custer is an integral part of the Custer story but also a commanding personality in her own right. She has long deserved a major biography, and Frost's access to family papers and memorabilia gave him unusual advantages. If he has failed to discover any relevant sources, it is not apparent.

Hutchins's book, an updating of earlier works, is the authoritative description of clothing, equipment, and other trappings of the cavalrymen who fought at the Little Bighorn. It was a ragtag bunch, decidedly unmilitary in aspect. Numerous photographs, plus the author's own artwork, graphically illustrate the text.

Dakota Twilight is a rather conventional telling of the story of the Hunkpapa Sioux and other Indians of the Standing Rock Agency, with emphasis on the Little Bighorn. The author has been associated with these Indians for a generation, but his sources are sparse, and he offers little that is new.

Finally, a special word of praise is due Reverend Burkey's book. Concerning Custer in an earlier period, it is local history at its finest, summoning deep documentary research, field investigation, and cogent reasoning to a short but important period of the Custer story.

Robert M. Utley, *an assistant director of the National Park Service, has written many works on the frontier army.*

4 or 5

If you have a refund coming and file a correct income tax return in January or early February, you should get the refund in four or five weeks.

Internal Revenue Service

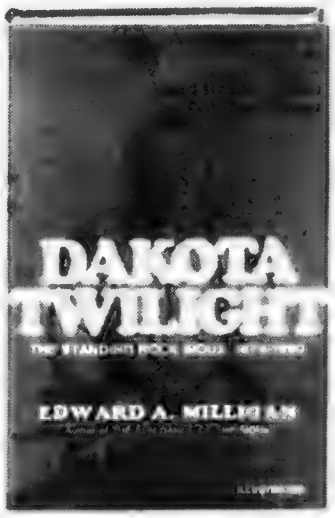
THREE VIBRANT PORTRAITS...

DAKOTA TWILIGHT:

The Standing Rock Sioux, 1874-1890 *by Edward A. Milligan*

It took place one hundred years ago—on June 25, 1876—at a place the Sioux called "the Greasy Grass." Less than twenty minutes after the opening volley of shots and war whoops, the most famous battle in Western American history was over. Custer had made his Last Stand. But it was a shallow victory, the last faint glow of the imminent "Dakota Twilight." Now Edward A. Milligan, author of *The Sun Dance of the Sioux* and an adopted member of the Sioux Nation, recounts the famed Battle of the Little Bighorn, its causes, and its aftermath. He presents thrilling descriptions of the bloody conflict as they were related to him by Indians who actually took part in it. Drawing on original documentation and firsthand interviews, he vividly portrays the decline of the Sioux and their eventual destruction as a nation, culminating, not at Wounded Knee, but with the murder of Sitting Bull. A glowing and fast-paced narrative complimented by 16 photographs, four maps, and five special appendixes.

$8.50



THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE:

The Woodland Erie *by Harry Forrest Lupold*

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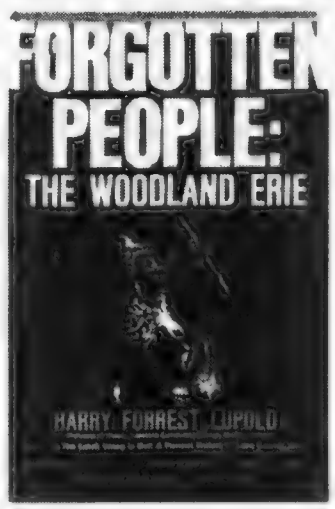

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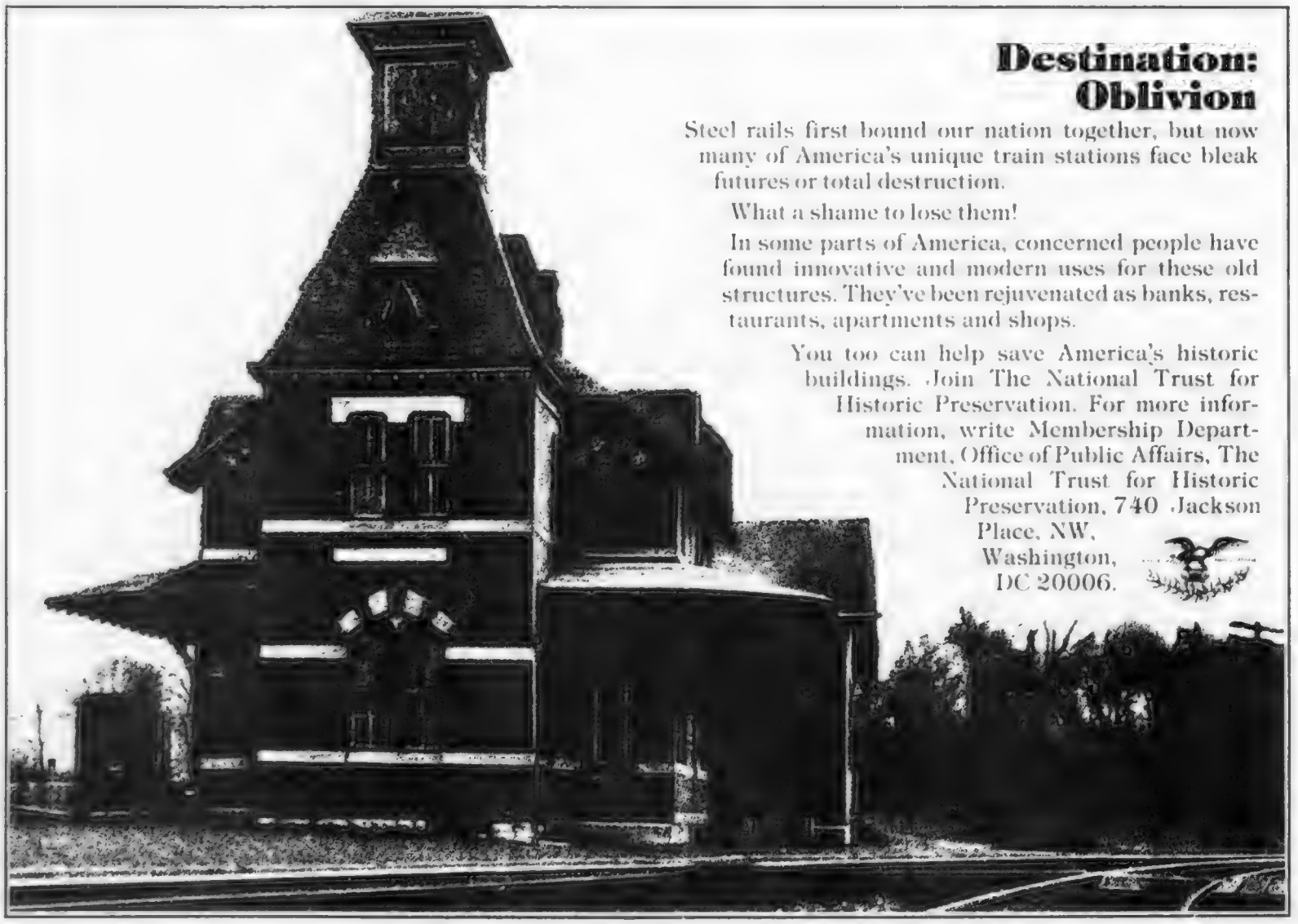

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Death Song: The Last of the Indian Wars by John Edward Weems *(Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1976; 311 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $10.95).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT HUHN JONES

IN 1867 the United States failed at Medicine Lodge and Fort Laramie to pacify the plains. Instead, what followed proved to be the death song for the American Indian. Synthesizing secondary literature and primary sources, John Edward Weems re-creates that often violent and tragic time.

Weems successfully uses the lives of seven characters as his focus and is at his very best when sketching vignettes of these individuals. They are White Bear, the Kiowa chief whose "pomposity, selfishness, and ruthlessness" repelled white and red man alike; Quanah Parker, son of a Comanche chief and a white mother, who "never believed in the good intent of those hated [white] intruders"; the Apache Geronimo, the "Human Tiger" of the Southwestern frontier, who enjoyed the vengeance he sought after Mexicans massacred his family.

The other characters who help form the book's focus are Lt. John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, a man of "intelligence, wit, humor, and kindness," who could sympathize with the Apache; Lt. Bob Carter, Fourth Cavalry, with "a soul mostly military, particularly in regard to Indians"; the "horseback hero of the Civil War," George A. Custer, who never outgrew "a childlike selfishness and a tendency to use men badly"; and his wife, the pretty, petite Elizabeth, whose devoted love for her husband "overflowed into worship."

With reasonable objectivity and crisp prose, Weems tells it like it was, blending his characters into the violence, greed, duplicity, and stupidity on both sides that characterized this thirty-year saga of the Indian's last stand. Weems looked for inspiration to his Texas-born grandfather's frontier tales and expertly brought to this book the excitement he sometimes felt as a youthful listener.

Although the story and some of the characters are no doubt quite familiar to readers acquainted with the history of the West, they will still find this account of the last of the Indian wars fresh and fascinating—and accurate.

Robert Huhn Jones, *a charter member of the Western History Association, is chairman of the history department at the University of Akron.*

The U.S. Camel Corps: An Army Experiment by Odie B. Faulk *(Oxford University, New York, 1976; 213 pp., intro., illus., biblio., notes, index, $9.75).*

REVIEWED BY JAY MONAGHAN

MANY STORIES have been written about the importation of camels to navigate our western deserts. This book deals mainly with the army's 1855 experiment and, of all accounts, it is the most detailed and best researched.

Camels are desert animals capable of carrying more than twice as much as horses, at a faster pace, and on less food. In addition, they can go three or four days without water.

Transportation across deserts became important when the United States acquired Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California from Mexico, so the army purchased in Africa and the Near East two lots of camels—one of thirty-three head, the other of forty-four.

Odie Faulk, with careful research, traces the history of both shipments as well as the later lives of the native camel drivers who accompanied them. One died penniless in Quartzsite, Arizona, where a stone pyramid marks his grave. Another became the father of Mexico's President Calles.

The whole fantastic story of the camel experiment is extremely well told. During storms at sea, the big animals, unable to remain standing, had to be tied lying down. At Indianola, Texas, where they were to be unloaded, ocean swells were so rough the camels could not be swung safely in slings to the landing barges. Instead, the ships had to sail on to the calm water of the Mississippi where the camels were loaded into shallower vessels, and then taken back and landed at Indianola.

Faulk's book is filled with details of the army's problems in establishing the Camel Corps. After many delays the first caravan crossed to California in 1857. The trip was successful, but it was never to be repeated.

Several things, including the Civil War, the coming of the railroads, the indifference among high-ranking army officers, and even the Americans' dislike of the camels' odor, all helped to make the Camel Corps a failure.

Jay Monaghan *has written thirteen books. His latest work is* Chile, Peru, and the California Gold Rush, *which has been awarded a silver medal by the Commonwealth Club of California.*

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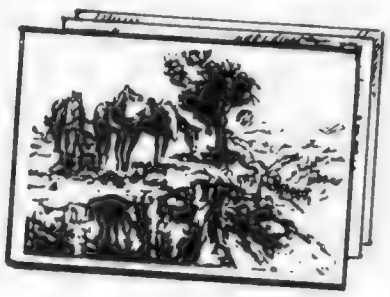

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Step Right Up by Brooks McNamara *(Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1976; 233 pp., illus., biblio., appen., notes, index, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY CARL EDWIN MAVES

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was enthralled. "When the moon rose to blend her light with the decorations and costumes," he wrote in 1875, "I was transported to the land of the Arabian Nights." He was talking about his stint as a bass drummer with a touring medicine show.

In *Step Right Up,* Brooks McNamara traces these shows from street corner performances by mountebanks and pitchmen to the big ballyhoo extravaganzas that "moved by special train, owned enough canvas to outfit a small circus, and often drew crowds in the thousands on a pleasant summer night." The gullible rubes flocked to gawk, and, of course, to buy the various nostrums, though what were touted as panaceas typically contained such diverse ingredients as "camphor, ammonia, chloroform, sassafras, cloves, turpentine," and up to seventy percent alcohol.

At their height, the author tells us, the medicine shows featured vaudeville skits, minstrel acts, trained animals, jugglers, and large numbers of native Americans. Quack tonics like Kickapoo Indian Sagwa and Ka-Ton-Ka were supposedly "Nature's remedy," discovered by the age-old wisdom of the red man and dispersed for the benefit of his white brethren: yet another example of our shameless exploitation and distortion of our aboriginal inheritance.

Packed with colorful illustrations, this is very much a book for popular (as opposed to scholarly) consumption. McNamara is a professor of drama at New York University, so he naturally stresses the theatrical elements of his subject rather than either its sociological or economic aspects.

Still, he does theorize that the premise "that a free performance would sell a product . . . was a sound one, and radio and television merely borrowed it and developed it on a scale far beyond anything dreamed of by the traveling medicine showman."

The step-right-up from Kickapoo Indian Sagwa to extra-strength Excedrin is apparently a great deal shorter than one might think.

Carl Edwin Maves *teaches drama and is the author of* Sensuous Pessimism: Italy in the Work of Henry James.

Father of Texas Geology: Robert T. Hill by Nancy Alexander *(Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 1976; 317 pp., illus., notes, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY WAYNE GARD

AN EMINENT GEOLOGIST of two generations ago is rescued from near-oblivion in this penetrating biography by Nancy Alexander, a geology professor at Stephen F. Austin State University in Texas.

Born in Nashville, Tennessee, and orphaned as a young child, Robert Thomas Hill (1858–1941) was reared by war-impoverished kinfolk. When he was sixteen he went to Texas to work on an older brother's newspaper.

Besides learning the printer's trade, young Hill rode north with a longhorn herd, helped in surveying, wondered about the origin of a nearby mesa, began collecting rocks, and decided to become a geologist.

Although he had only six years of schooling, he was admitted to Cornell University in 1882. In his three years there his brilliant academic record caught the attention of John Wesley Powell, head of the U. S. Geological Survey, who gave Hill a job.

Back again in the Southwest, Hill explored and mapped, studied artesian water, and made the first scientific expedition down the Rio Grande through the Big Bend. Many of the names he gave to geologic features and areas are still used today.

He also taught the first geology courses at the University of Texas but then quit in a huff when denied a promised microscope.

After his scientific reports, books, and lectures had given him a high standing, Hill made geological explorations in the West Indies, appraised and promoted mining properties throughout the West and in Mexico, and reported on oil lands as well.

In tracing the professional work of Hill, largely from his own papers, Alexander notes some hampering traits. Vain, cantankerous, and quick to take offense, Hill was a man who engaged in many feuds. Yet despite his drawbacks, this detached but sympathetic biography reveals Hill as a first-rate scientist who was able to relate the field of geology to economic and cultural life.

Wayne Gard *is the author of* The Chisholm Trail, The Great Buffalo Hunt, *and other books on the West.*

Run, River, Run by Ann Zwinger *(Harper and Row, New York, 1975; 317 pp., intro., illus., maps, notes, index, $10.95).*

REVIEWED BY GARY PAUL NABHAN

RUN, RIVER, RUN has the quality of a tough-edged romance—Ann Zwinger has fallen in love with the Green River. In word and pencil sketches, she takes us rough-and-tumble through the rapids, heat waves, and meanders of that love affair. From headwaters to the confluence with the Colorado River, the narrative, just like the river, constantly refreshes itself. The details of a wildflower may occupy us one moment, while the next, we're swept into the macroscopic view of a watershed's fascinating geological history.

Subtitled "A Naturalist's Journey Down One of the Great Rivers of the West," the book portrays the river both as a formidable physical force and a rich source of lore. We're reminded that it is the master stream of the Colorado River drainage. Zwinger's notes give reference to original historical information regarding the Green, and her maps help root legends and events to specific locations.

The book expands one's notion of the breadth and depth of natural history. Those familiar with the biological emphasis of Ann Zwinger's other work will be pleased to see her talents extend into illustrating the physics of stream flow, the evolution of a basin, paleoecology, and Indian material culture. The doings of mountain men and women are briefly recorded. Even a rotting, fly-clouded cow takes on significance; it flashes us back to 1887, when the drought-and-freeze cycle of intermontane weather left thousands of decaying carcasses along the river.

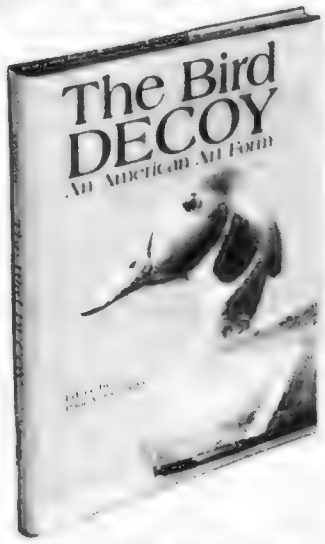
Southwesterner Larry McMurtry has described how wonderfully easy it is to lose oneself in books about rivers. Holt, Rinehart and Winston's *Rivers of America* series attest to this. Over a generation has passed, yet Frank Waters's *The Colorado* and Edwin Corle's *The Gila* are still widely read.

I suspect that Ann Zwinger's saga of the Green will also be read for quite some time.

Editor's note: *Run, River, Run* has won the 1976 John Burroughs medal for the best natural history book of 1975.

Gary Paul Nabhan *has been participating in the Arizona Writers on the Road Program and does botanical research through the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum.*

GIFTS with a WESTERN TOUCH



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The Journals of Alfred Doten, 1849–1903, edited by Walter Van Tilburg Clark *(University of Nevada, Reno, 1975; 2,381 pp., 3 vols., illus., maps, appen., index, $60.00).*

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

ALFRED DOTEN FOLLOWED the winds of chance from Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1849, to join the California gold rush. But he never struck it rich in the metals of the earth. Instead, his Mother Lode was his ability to capture the odyssey of a nation on the move.

Unlike many seekers of the dream, Alf Doten did not return home when he tired of working played-out claims. He turned, instead, to his former profession and worked as a newspaper reporter and editor. As a result, he kept a daily record of what he saw, endured, and felt during a long, well-used life. All this is summed up in these three volumes, and it is an American epic that cuts its way through the Mother Lode, the Comstock Lode, and the boom and bust days of Virginia City, Gold Hill, and Austin, Nevada.

From 1849 to 1903—when Doten died during a whirling Washoe zephyr at Carson City—the ups and downs, the changing cast of characters, fill a wide screen with all the joys and frustrations of life. And who would be more qualified to capture these feelings than the late Walter Van Tilburg Clark? In fact, Clark became so involved with the doings of Alf Doten that the character became an obsession. In the process, Clark took the raw material of Doten's life and shaped it into a kind of biography of the Everyman of the American West.

To many scholars, there are drawbacks to Clark's approach. He used three dot journalism without indicating what had been eliminated from the text. He avoided the use of footnotes and by so doing, never bothered to identify many of the characters who were part of Doten's daily record. Yet if Clark had followed the usual methods of scholarship, the richness of Doten's story might have been lost in pedantry.

As *The Journals of Alfred Doten* now stand, they are a tribute to an age of seekers, a salute to the enduring Alf, and a lasting monument to Walter Van Tilburg Clark. The vein has been exposed for all to see. Pay dirt abounds. It is up to future word-slingers to use the uncovered wealth that Alfred Doten left behind.

Ferol Egan *is the author of a forthcoming book on John Charles Frémont.*

Encounter with an Angry God by Carobeth Laird with a foreword by Harry W. Lawton *(Malki Museum Press, from Morongo Indian Reservation, Banning, Calif., 1975; 190 pp., illus., $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY VICKI LEON

OTHER, more "official" biographies may be written about John Peabody Harrington, ethnologist extraordinaire, but it is doubtful that they will interpret Harrington's life and actions more lucidly than does his former wife's book. Using Indian imagery, she points out his raison d'être: "The vessel of the old culture was broken and the precious contents were flowing away and evaporating before our very eyes. Harrington lapped like a man dying of thirst at every random trickle."

The lifetime single-mindedness that Harrington displayed as a field ethnologist for the Bureau of American Ethnology resulted in a mountain of now-priceless data about vanished tribes and tongues. But that devotion had a deplorable effect on the man and his personal relationships. Written with the mellowing perspective of fifty-two intervening years, Carobeth Laird's words are an insightful account into her seven years as wife, mother, fieldworker, typist, driver, and general dog's body for "anything that Harrington found too boring, frightening, embarrassing or time-consuming."

From 1913 to 1923, the Harringtons devoted themselves to fieldwork, going from rancheria to reservation to catch and preserve every "random trickle" from the Chumash, Taos, Isleta Pueblo, Chemehuevi, and other tribes of the Southwest. Herself an unconventional and intelligent woman, Carobeth Laird was not felled by the challenge, the rootlessness, or the physical privations of their life. It was emotional privation, coupled with Harrington's less endearing personal traits, that gradually withered her love.

The latter half of the book is dominated by George Laird, the Chemehuevi informant whom Carobeth Laird later married, and the curious triangular relationship among the three.

In Laird, Carobeth Laird found what she had been seeking in Harrington: a man who felt as much and as well as he thought. The universality of her discovery and the wryly humorous skill with which it is delivered make this a pungent book, more psychological landscape than biography.

Vicki León *is writing a book on San Luis Obispo County in California.*

Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors by Stephen E. Ambrose *(Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1975; 486 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY PAUL R. TREECE

DURING THIS CENTENNIAL YEAR of George Armstrong Custer's death, an outpouring of books commemorating the event has occurred. Stephen Ambrose, author of several volumes on military subjects and personalities, has written one of the more original Custer books. The underlying theme of the book is the inevitability of conflict between Indians and white Americans, and the inevitability of the eventual outcome. The book is a duel biography of two military leaders who met on the battlefield at the Little Bighorn. Ambrose compares and contrasts their lives and personalities, the cultures that molded each of them, and the events that drew them together on that climactic day in June a century ago. His willingness to make generalizations, however, occasionally leads to overstatement, such as that their geographic mobility drew Americans together or that "during this period [1852] scarcely a [wagon] train got through the Plains without being hit at least once by the Sioux." The latter statement contrasts with the majority of diaries and journals excerpted in Herbert Eaton's *The Overland Trail to California in 1852* (1974).

One of the author's most telling remarks about Custer is that he "rode to the top of his profession over the backs of his fallen soldiers. As a general, Custer had one basic instinct, to charge the enemy wherever he might be, no matter how strong his position or numbers. . . . The Sioux would never have followed men who led such bloody, futile assaults, but the Americans made heroes out of these generals—and the higher a general's losses, it seemed, the greater the hero he became." However the Sioux inability to curb their individualism and become a disciplined military force led to their eventual defeat.

Professional historians will criticize the author for his failure to make full use of the available primary research sources, but western history buffs will find that the book contains a readable text, adequate maps, and excellent artwork. The author is to be commended for his original approach and objectivity.

Paul R. Treece *is writing* Mr. Montana: The Life of Granville Stuart, 1834–1919.

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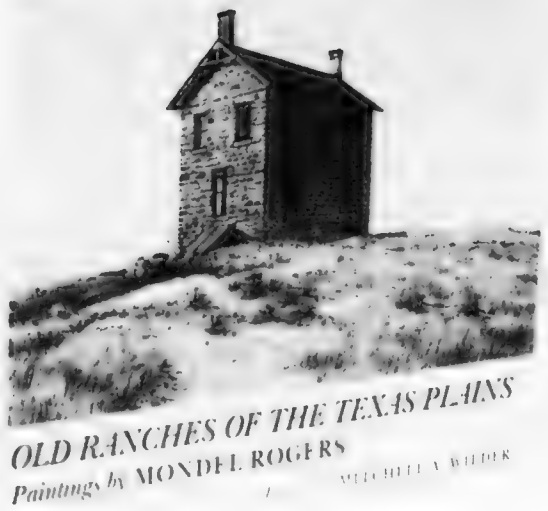

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Western Writing: Famous Western Authors Explain Their Craft—Wallace Stegner, George R. Stewart, J. Frank Dobie, Vardis Fisher, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Bernard DeVoto, and David Lavender edited by Gerald W. Haslam *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1974; 156 pp., intro., $3.50, paper).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD W. ETULAIN

THE AMERICAN LITERARY WEST is a relatively new field of research. Except for Franklin Walker, few scholars studied western literature before the publication of Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land* in 1950. In the twenty-five years since the appearance of Smith's book, interest in western writing has increased rapidly. The volume under review samples some of the best work to emerge from this new concentration on the literary West.

Western Writing contains twelve essays plus the editor's brief introduction. All the articles have appeared previously in scholarly or popular journals. The earliest was published in 1948 and the most recent in 1970.

Topics treated include regionalism, the formula Western, history as literature, and problems facing western writers. Some of the essays are by novelists like Wallace Stegner, George Stewart, A. B. Guthrie, and Vardis Fisher. Others are by historians Bernard DeVoto, W. H. Hutchinson, J. Frank Dobie, and David Lavender. Still others are by specialists in western literature and popular culture such as John R. Milton, J. Golden Taylor, John G. Cawelti, and Max Westbrook.

Few people would be able to reach agreement on all the material to be included in such a collection, but most would argue that an essay by Henry Nash Smith should have been selected because his *Virgin Land* is the most influential book written about the West in the last twenty-five years. An article by Don D. Walker should also have been included. The editor also seems uncertain about the value of popular Westerns.

But these are minor problems. Anyone reading the essays collected here will sample much of the important commentary on western literature that has been published in recent years. As a bonus, the reader should learn much about a topic that needs more attention from both students and scholars.

Richard W. Etulain *has recently edited a twelve-tape series entitled "The American West: The Frontier Era."*

The Trail of Tears: The Story of the American Indian Removals, 1813–1855 by Gloria Jahoda *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1976; 356 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY THAYLE K. ANDERSON

GLORIA JAHODA has written a book based on rigorous scholarship; it is a worthy companion to Grant Foreman's *Indian Removal: The Emigration of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians.*

With a poignant sense of descriptive detail and a restrained sense of outrage, Jahoda describes a soul-shuddering chapter in American history that climaxed in the decades following the passage of the Indian Removal Bill of 1830, when Americans defrauded, dispossessed, and evicted the Indian tribes in their midst and drove them "dying their way westward" across the Mississippi to the southern plains of what was then considered to be the uninhabitable Great American Desert. The author studies the cultures and religions of these tribes and then presents in harrowing detail the atrocities that they suffered at the hands of a culture that failed to recognize their humanity.

The reader will not soon forget the impressions left by Jahoda's accounts of the searingly poignant plights of such tribes as the Cherokees in Georgia, the Creeks in Alabama, the Sacs and Foxes in Illinois, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws in Mississippi, and the Seminoles in Florida. These accounts are studded with ruthless massacres at the hands of white Americans, with attempts to inundate the Indian with alcohol or to inflict Christianity upon him, with national efforts to defraud him by any means possible, and finally, if fraud failed, with military acts of iron-fisted force to facilitate national expansion.

Finally Jahoda discusses the aftermath of the removals: many of the tribes were dispossessed again as their borders were constricted further by the coming of the railroad, by the influx of white settlers in the Great Plains, and by the massive and wanton slaughter of the buffalo.

Although the author seems more objective when she is discussing Indian atrocities than when she is treating the more numerous white ones, her book is nevertheless both an eloquent and convincing study of the Indian removals.

Thayle K. Anderson *is the director of freshman English at Murray State University in Kentucky.*

Carthage Conspiracy: The Trial of the Accused Assassins of Joseph Smith by Dallin H. Oaks and Marvin S. Hill *(University of Illinois, Urbana, 1975; 248 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM P. MACKINNON

IN JUNE of 1844, a mob assassinated Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church, in the Carthage, Illinois, jail where he was awaiting trial on a riot complaint. Dallin H. Oaks, a lawyer and president of Brigham Young University, and Marvin S. Hill, a B.Y.U. historian, have described the May 1845 prosecution and acquittal of the five men who stood trial as co-conspirators. The result is a first-rate complement to Robert B. Flanders's *Nauvoo, Kingdom on the Mississippi* which relates the history of the Mormon experience in Hancock County, Illinois. What saves the reader from what could potentially have been a litigious, arcane dialogue among attorneys is the authors' successful attempt "not to lose sight of the fact that good history is good narrative," as well as their development of a story that can be read at several levels of abstraction.

On the theoretical plane, Oaks and Hill view the murder as a reflection of the conflicting ethical and legal values held by Illinois Mormon and gentile settlers. To the authors, the trial tested an issue more basic than the defendants' guilt or innocence, to wit: "Would the jurors, as spokesmen for the community, enforce the law against murder, which was based on religious-moral principles, or would they excuse the crime by recourse to a supposed higher law of popular approval?" On a more colorful plane, *Carthage Conspiracy* also deals with Gov. Thomas Ford's unpopular decision to seek indictments as a means of vindicating the honor of Illinois; the surprising lack of Mormon cooperation in providing prosecution witnesses; and the wildly conflicting backgrounds, ethics, and tactics of the prosecutor and defense attorney.

Perhaps *Carthage Conspiracy*'s prime value is the vivid glimpse that it provides of the consuming hate that surrounded Mormon Nauvoo, an attitude that goes far to explain Smith's murder itself, as well as the empaneling of a jury completely devoid of any Mormon representation.

William P. MacKinnon *of Birmingham, Michigan, has written on Mormon and military affairs in the trans-Mississippi West.*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Rain Dance People: The Pueblo Indians, Their Past and Present by Richard Erdoes *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1976; 280 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

This introductory book traces the history of the Pueblo Indians to the present day and explores their way of life in the modern United States.

Mexico Views Manifest Destiny, 1821–1846: An Essay on the Origins of the Mexican War by Gene M. Brack *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1975; 194 pp., intro., notes, biblio., index, $12.00).*

Based on primary sources appearing in English for the first time, this short, scholarly work traces the rising hostility between the United States and Mexico that led, in 1846, to a war disastrous to Mexico.

200 Trails to Gold: A Guide to Promising Old Mines and Hidden Lodes Throughout the West by Samuel B. Jackson *(Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York, 1976; 348 pp., illus., index, $8.95).*

Written by a prospector/mine owner, this guidebook gives specific region-by-region information about where and how to find pay dirt.

A Trace of Desert Waters: The Great Basin Story by Samuel G. Houghton *(Arthur H. Clark, Glendale, California, 1976; 287 pp., illus., maps, appen., glossary, biblio., index, $17.75).*

The Great Basin stretches from Lake Tahoe in California to the Bear River in Wyoming and from the Snake River in Idaho to the Laguna Salada in Mexico. This thorough study of the region covers both its geological and human history as well as its energy sources and potential.

The Chicano edited by Norris Hundley, Jr. *(Clio Books, Santa Barbara, 1975; 168 pp., intro., notes, index, $9.50 cloth, $4.75 paper).*

Until twenty years ago, most Chicano history was written by those outside the culture. This volume, which contains essays by both Anglo and Chicano historians, is an attempt to present and evaluate Mexican-American history from several points of view. Many of the essays first appeared in the *Pacific Historical Review*.

The Unchanging Hopi by Barton Wright *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1975; 110 pp., illus., intro., biblio., $12.50).*

Through fine scratchboard drawings and accompanying text, Hopi scholar and artist Barton Wright explores and illuminates the Hopi people and their deep-rooted culture.

Indian Rawhide: An American Folk Art by Mable Morrow *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1975; 243 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $20.00).*

Until the disappearance of the buffalo, rawhide was used by Native Americans for both shelter and clothing. Beginning with the pre-Columbian era, this book covers rawhide folk art and the culture that surrounded it. One hundred of the author's own black-and-white drawings and numerous paintings and photographs supplement the text.

The Mexican Kickapoo Indians by Felipe A. Latorre and Dolores L. Latorre *(University of Texas, Austin, 1976; 401 pp., illus., map, intro., notes, glossary, biblio., index, $15.95).*

The Mexican Kickapoos were originally Woodland Indians from the North Central United States. A hundred years ago they migrated to northern Mexico, and since the 1950s, they have worked part of the year as migrant laborers in the United States as well. This interesting book is the result of a twelve-year study of the Kickapoos, caught between Mexican, modern American, and their own traditional culture.

Kiva Art of the Anasazi by Frank C. Hibben *(KC Publications, Las Vegas, 1975; 145 pp., illus., biblio., index, $35.00).*

When Coronado marched up the Rio Grande in 1540, the pueblo at Pottery Mound in present-day New Mexico was already a ruin, abandoned by the Anasazi nearly a century before. But the Indians had left behind a superb collection of murals—a collection that would not be discovered until the twentieth century. This volume presents descriptions and color renderings of those paintings, which are notable both as beautiful works of art and as fascinating archaeological treasures.

George Catlin: Letters and Notes on the North American Indians edited and with an introduction by Michael M. Mooney *(Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, 1975; 366 pp., illus., intro., map, appen., biblio., index, $15.00).*

This first one-volume selection of painter George Catlin's *Letters and Notes* (originally published in 1841) provides a vivid eyewitness account of Plains Indian culture in its heyday. Accompanying Catlin's words are more than 240 of his illustrations and line-drawings.

The Hohokam: Desert Farmers & Craftsmen by Emil W. Haury *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1976; 412 pp., illus., intro., maps, tables, appen., biblio., index, $19.50).*

In 1964 anthropologist Emil W. Haury began a new study and excavation of the desert village of Snaketown on the Gila River Indian Reservation in southern Arizona. His well-illustrated report on the Hohokam culture of Snaketown (which Haury dates from 300 B.C.) should interest both professional and amateur students of early Native America.

Letters from North America by John Xántus, translated and edited by Theodore Schoenman and Helen Benedek Schoenman *(Wayne State University, Detroit, 1975; 199 pp., illus., map, intro., biblio., $12.95).*

Between 1856 and 1864, a flamboyant Hungarian naturalist named John Xántus collected western flora and fauna for the Smithsonian and other museums. As he traveled the West, Xántus wrote a series of colorful descriptive letters about what he saw and did. Long published only in Hungarian, they have been translated into English for the first time in this interesting volume.

Trails of the Iron Horse by the Western Writers of America, edited by Don Russell *(Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1975; 241 pp., illus., intro., index, $9.95).*

The story of the railroad in the West is presented in a series of chapters by individual members of the Western Writers of America. Over one hundred historical photographs accompany the highly readable text.

JACKSON HOLE

(Continued from page 33)

equally impressed by the gemlike beauty of the Leigh-String-Jenny Lake area but was appalled by the encroaching commercialism. A rather tawdry dance hall seemed inappropriate, "unsightly structures" marred the scene, and telephone wires bisected the Teton view. Visual abuse led to verbal communication, and soon Albright was sharing his ideas. Returning to Yellowstone they stopped on a hill overlooking the Snake River, and it was there that Albright spoke of his dream of a new national park to include not only the mountains but much of the valley spread out before them.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS UNCERTAIN at the time, Albright had successfully imparted his vision. Within a year, Rockefeller incorporated the Snake River Land Company with the express purpose of buying private land to be included in a grand national park. Under the leadership of Salt Lake City attorney Harold Fabian, the company had purchased some 25,000 acres in Jackson Hole by 1930. The ownership and objective of the company were matters of secrecy even to Fabian and to Robert Miller, a Jackson banker employed as purchasing agent. The wisdom of secrecy cannot be disputed from the financial aspect. However, from a political vantage point, it would prove to be the cornerstone in a foundation of mistrust constructed by Jackson Hole residents. When in April 1930, the ownership and intent of the Snake River Land Company was revealed, this vague distrust turned to resentment and fear that decisions were no longer in their hands.

In the meantime, Albright's vision was partially realized. In March 1929, President Hoover signed a bill establishing Grand Teton National Park. Although the establishment of the park was no small political accomplishment, it was only half a park. In the words of historian John Ise, the 1929 park "was a stingy, skimpy, niggardly little park of only about 150 square miles, from three to nine miles wide and twenty-seven miles long. . . ."

What was lacking was Jackson Lake, the Snake River, and all the land in the foreground of the mountains which afforded the majestic and incomparable view. Park extension to incorporate this view would cause no end of bickering, divisiveness, and downright hostility. Opponents established the *Grand Teton*, a vindictive, spunky, devil-may-care, master-of-insult newspaper devoted to only one purpose: opposition to Rockefeller, Albright, Fabian, and park extension. "Horace's Hilarious Hokum," as the *Grand Teton* delighted in calling the park extension idea, became an important issue in Wyoming as well as in the entire West.

In 1933 the Senate Subcommittee on Public Lands convened in Jackson and heard some 486 pages of testimony. They had hopes that the hearings might reveal a political solution, but the only result was to confirm that the National Park Service and the Snake River Land Company had generally operated honestly. In 1938, Jackson again hosted the Senate Subcommittee on Public Lands, but again no conclusions could be reached which might be fashioned into legislation agreeable to all parties. Perhaps what was most evident was that by 1939 the Jackson Hole project had met an impassable logjam. For some nine years, Rockefeller had offered approximately 32,000 acres of land (he had added 7,000 acres in the 1930s), and Congress had refused the gift. Now opposition on the local level was increasing, and the project was further hampered by a Wyoming aversion to the general expansion of federal power associated with the New Deal. Perhaps most significant was the statement by Senator Henry Ashurst (Arizona) that "the other States are not going to put over on Wyoming something that her two Senators do not want." Although there were sizable numbers of constituents favoring park extension, the Wyoming congressional delegation (Senators Joseph O'Mahoney and H. H. Schwartz, Representative Paul Greever) listened more attentively to the opposition. Hopes for Albright's vision were dim indeed.

In this atmosphere the National Park Service began to consider a politically undesirable yet effective last resort: the creation of Jackson Hole National Monument. The difference between a national park and a national monument has never been clearly defined. However, for our purpose the major distinction between the two is the method of establishment. National parks must be created by act of Congress, whereas national monuments may simply be proclaimed by presidential decree. This political reality has meant that some of our most scenic and vast national parks, such as Grand Canyon, Bryce, and Zion, were monuments at their inception. Thus the idea of bypassing Congress was not unique in national park history, but never would it be more controversial.

On November 27, 1942, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. informed Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes that unless the government accepted his land gift, he would consider disposing of it by other means. Historians who have investigated the controversy have assumed that the monument idea was conceived with the arrival of this ultimatum. This was not the case, however, and the letter merely activated an already well-developed plan. The monument plan had its origins in informal discussions during the Albright administration (1929–1933). In 1938 the idea was more formally considered by National Park Service and Snake River Land Company officials. In January of the following year, Director Arno Cammerer instructed his National Park Service staff to prepare basic historical and scientific justifications for the inclusion of the northern Jackson Hole area in the national monument system. By June 1939, a tentative plan was ready for the appropriate opportunity.

The appropriate time came in November 1942, when the Rockefeller letter was received. No evidence is extant that the Rockefeller letter was discussed and drafted with government officials previous to its receipt. However, the close cooperation between the National Park Service staff and the Rockefeller people suggests that the letter arrived by design rather than chance. Furthermore, it is unlikely that Rockefeller would have allowed the land to enter private hands. Certainly he was frustrated, but he was also patient. His financial resources preclude the idea that the property taxes (about $13,000 a year) were an intolerable burden. Finally, there is evidence which indicates that the Jackson Hole Preserve (as the Snake River

Land Company was reincorporated in 1940) was involved with future land-use planning—an activity incongruous with selling.

Whatever the intent, the Rockefeller letter was the signal for Secretary Ickes to spring into vigorous action. Between November 1942 and March 1943, Ickes held numerous meetings with Rockefeller, Acting Director of the National Park Service Arthur Demaray, Wyoming Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, and President Roosevelt. Senator O'Mahoney voiced his opposition but not in vehement language. It was hardly enough to dissuade the "old curmudgeon" from his purpose. President Roosevelt was thoroughly briefed on the political ramifications, but Ickes felt he "seemed ready to go ahead." Thus on March 15, 1943, President Roosevelt put his signature to Executive Order 2578, a proclamation establishing Jackson Hole National Monument. Transferred into National Park Service control were 221,610 acres to the east and adjoining Grand Teton National Park. Some 99,345 acres were taken from Teton National Forest. Jackson Lake, combined with the lesser lakes, comprised 31,640 acres of water surface. The new monument also included 39,323 acres of withdrawn public lands, 1,406 acres of state lands, and 49,896 acres of private land, of which 32,117 were owned by Rockefeller's Jackson Hole Preserve.

FOR THOSE WHO HAD LABORED long and hard, this was an ecstatic moment. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. was jubilant. He wrote Ickes that he was sorry they could not get together to celebrate the news satisfactorily, but he wanted him to know that "except for your vision, your courage, your determination, there was every prospect that this uniquely beautiful area . . . would have been permanently lost. I take off my hat to you. Please know what a pleasure it has been to me to have a part in this matter which has lain close to my heart for so many years."

Perhaps Rockefeller's enthusiasm and aura of finality were premature. The majority of Jackson Hole residents had a different assessment of President Roosevelt's action. A verbal barrage issued forth from the *Jackson Hole Courier*, Wyoming Governor Lester Hunt, and the Wyoming congressional delegation (Senators O'Mahoney and E. V. Robertson, Representative Frank Barrett). The most common condemnation was provided by the accessible and understandable World War II analogy. The proclamation was a "foul, sneaking Pearl Harbor blow." Others found parallels in Hitler's *Anschluss*. The Teton County Commissioners asked how the federal government could "reconcile taking away the homes of men who are now fighting to preserve their homeland." Wyoming public officials proclaimed that they would vigorously oppose this federal action and that they would and could cut through the Gordian knot of federal fiat. And the western governors, most of whom were at odds with Washington on land matters, responded appropriately to Wyoming Governor Lester Hunt's plea by passing a resolution condemning the "autocratic act of a meddling bureaucracy." Finally, on May 2, a group of local ranchers defied the National Park Service by taking more than five hundred yearlings across the monument area to their summer range.

By this time the monument controversy had begun to attract national attention. Many who opposed the "New Dealers" found the issue convenient for the purpose of castigating the Roosevelt administration. The press also entered the fray. The *Saturday Evening Post* editorialized against the monument, arguing that the method of establishment (bypassing Congress) was wrong. Editor Ben Hibbs believed that conservation was certainly important, but "the conservation of our democratic processes is even more important. The trouble with so many conservationists is that they are zealots, and most zealots so completely lose their sense of proportion that they finally come to believe the noble end justifies any means at all." It soon became evident that whatever the beneficial result of the monument, it was being submerged in a storm of condemnation of the method by which it had been established. And, of course, Editor Hibbs's faultfinding was telling. Park proponents were guilty of a certain righteousness that allowed them to assume a "higher law." On the other hand, it could be maintained that democratic processes had been blocked for many years by a "tyranny of a minority" of livestock interests.

As opposition to the monument coalesced, Wyoming Representative Frank Barrett emerged as its leader. A Republican known for folksiness and attention to the needs of his constituents, Barrett had long sympathized with the livestock interests and opposed conservationist goals and federal land control. His avid defense of "sacred cows" later prompted the historian-conservationist Bernard DeVoto to describe Barrett as "gaudy, gorgeous, and inflammatory." Barrett's immediate response to Executive Order 2578 was to introduce H. R. 2241, a bill "To Abolish the Jackson Hole National Monument."

The Barrett bill was a negative approach, but considering the sentiment of the day, its chances of congressional approval were good. In late May and early June of 1943, the House Committee on the Public Lands held hearings on the bill. The antimonument faction was in the ascendency, and fifteen out of twenty witnesses favored abolishment. It was a polemical circus with ringmaster Barrett directing the show. Monument apologists such as National Park Service Director Newton Drury and Horace Albright were treated roughly, and Secretary of the Interior Ickes concluded his appearance with the observation that next time he "would like to have questions, but . . . not . . . protracted argument."

The attitude of the House Committee on Public Lands was reflected in Congress. The bill passed the House handily (178 yea, 107 nay, 142 not voting) and was approved by the Senate by unanimous consent. Some legislators voted to abolish through simple partisanship; others were influenced by political principle. Few, however, voted on the merits of the land-use questions involved. As expected, President Roosevelt quietly pocket vetoed the bill, and an override was not forthcoming. The monument had withstood its first sustained attack.

Meanwhile the state of Wyoming determined to seek redress through the courts. The question which Wyoming wished to test was whether the president had the statutory authority to proclaim the monument. State Deputy Attorney General John J. McIntyre was convinced he did not. Governor Hunt agreed, and in one of the most flagrant nullification threats since the Civil War, announced to the Western Governors Conference: "I shall utilize all police authority at my disposal to evict from the proposed Jackson Hole National Monument any

UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING ARCHIVES

This 1929 dedication ceremony at String Lake marked the establishment of Grand Teton National Park. But many dissatisfied conservationists saw it as only half a park, because Jackson Hole was not included.

federal official who attempts to assume authority."

In *State of Wyoming* v. *Franke* the state sought to prove that the area within Jackson Hole National Monument contained no objects of particular scientific or historic interest—the criteria for monument status under the Antiquities Act of 1906. Before the Twelfth District Court in Sheridan, Wyoming, both the state of Wyoming and the National Park Service paraded expert witnesses who testified to the scientific and historic uniqueness or mediocrity of the new monument. When Judge T. Blake Kennedy ruled, however, it was not on the merits of the arguments presented. Instead, the judge dismissed the case, declaring that it was "a controversy between the legislative and executive branches of the Government in which . . . the court cannot interfere." It was the burden of Congress to pass "remedial legislation" as "the disposition of Government lands inherently rests in its legislative branch." Thus redress lay only in congressional action.

While Congress and the courts debated, the National Park Service took control of their newest possession. In early April 1943, Regional Director Lawrence C. Merriam arrived in Jackson Hole. His primary mission was to arrange a "changing of the guard" with F. C. Koziol, superintendent of Teton National Forest. Merriam found Koziol "cordial," but beneath this decorum was considerable bitterness. Ever since the creation of the National Park Service in 1916, the Forest Service had been on the defensive, protecting and defending its finest scenic country from the ever present grasp of this governmental favored child. Jackson Hole was no exception. For years the Forest Service had openly and covertly opposed park extension. There was truth in Secretary of the Interior Ickes's statement that whenever there was public agitation with regard to "the possible transfer of forestry lands, you will find Forestry at the bottom of it."

One example may illustrate the point: Koziol and Merriam had agreed on the transfer of ranger stations within the monument. However, when the Forest Service evacuated in June 1943, it was not done with what one might call a spirit of camaraderie. Not only were the furniture and equipment taken from the Jackson Lake Ranger Station, but *all* the plumbing in the basement, kitchen, and bathroom was removed. Even doors, cupboards, drawers, and cabinets, plus the accompanying hardware, were considered "movable equipment." Well tubing was removed, and an underground tank unearthed and packed away. To complete the task a four-foot-square hole was cut in the living room floor, severing not only the flooring but the floor joists as well. In short, the station was uninhabitable. The incident resulted in some aroused correspondence, and eventually the Forest Service consented to make such repairs as were needed to make the quarters livable.

Overt animosity, however, was limited to the regional level. Intraservice correspondence indicates that local foresters wished to enter the fray. Surrounded as they were by westerners enraged by the president's action, they could smell the scent of victory. The Washington office, however, seemed oblivious to realities as well as to opportunities. Yet this was not the case. As Assistant Chief L. F. Kneipp explained to Regional Superintendent C. N. Wood, there were bigger questions at stake than the jurisdiction of some 200,000 acres in Jackson Hole. Kneipp sketched a picture of a much beleaguered and much maligned Forest Service, which had taken second best in the yearly struggle for appropriations with the Park Service for many years. Now a perceptible change was evident and certainly accelerated by the Jackson Hole Monument incident. The Forest Service had the advantage, and Kneipp was not about to risk it by such incidents as "the stripping of the ranger station" or an "inopportune fire." In short, in spite of personal

In 1943, Congress voted to abolish the new Jackson Hole National Monument, but President Roosevelt pocket-vetoed the bill. Nevertheless, these congressmen seem to be enjoying their visit to the area of controversy.

feelings, the Forest Service policy toward Jackson Hole National Monument would be one of cooperation and noninvolvement. The Forest Service would remain on the sidelines, content to let others do battle. Adherence to this policy is evident in testimony of Forest Service officials before congressional committees and in the case of *State of Wyoming* v. *Franke*.

The Forest Service found no shortage of others willing to cudgel the monument into oblivion. From 1944 through 1947 the Wyoming congressional delegation continuously kept the issue before Congress. Their harangues fell on many sympathetic ears. Barrett's bill (H. R. 2241) had been defeated but through no fault of Congress. Thus Roosevelt's veto was simply the signal to introduce similar legislation. Furthermore, the Wyoming delegation expected that the new president (April 1945), Harry Truman, might be more sympathetic (or at least pliable) to their cause. H. R. 2109, introduced in February 1945, reiterated the abolishment theme, while H. R. 2691, presented in March 1945, would turn over administration of Jackson Hole National Monument to the Forest Service. In January 1947, Senator E. V. Robertson of Wyoming introduced a bill (S. 91) which would have emasculated the president's power to create national monuments. Truman was never tested, however, for all of these bills died in committee.

Congressman Barrett's final attempt to abrogate the monument came in January 1947, with the introduction of H. R. 1330. Like earlier versions, this bill aimed to abolish the monument and return the lands therein to their previous status. However, the momentum had vanished, President Roosevelt was gone, the war was over, and the conservationist lobby was gaining strength. Congress was no longer sympathetic. The hearings on H. R. 1330 are most reflective of the changing climate. Whereas in 1943 the antimonument faction dominated, in 1947 over half of the statements favored retention. Eventually the bill was voted out of committee, but twice it was objected to on the floor and was stricken from the calendar on January 19, 1948. The legislative attempt to slay the National Park Service colossus was over.

Although Congress could not kill Jackson Hole Monument, it could devitalize it through the "power of the purse." This was accomplished by Senator Joseph O'Mahoney in 1943 when he attached an amendment to the Interior Department Appropriation Act that no part of the appropriation be made available for any new administration, maintenance, or protection which might be occasioned by the establishment of the new national monument. The following year the stipulation was again made. This action was more symbolic than effective. First, the Bureau of the Budget had only given consent to establishment of the monument with the understanding that "development . . . shall be postponed until after the war" and that administration of the area at the beginning "will not exceed $10,000 per annum." Thus Senator O'Mahoney's action only seconded an earlier executive branch decision. The net result of these limitations was that the Park Service could take control but was financially restricted to maintenance alone.

WHILE THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE successfully fended off the enemy from without, factionalism within played havoc with any constructive program to resolve the matter by incorporating the monument lands into Grand Teton National Park. Most conspicuous was the neutral position of the National Parks Association, a private organization dedicated to

the expansion of the park system and to upholding its principles. Throughout the 1930s the association had opposed expansion of Teton Park to include Jackson Lake. They feared that the voluntary inclusion of a reservoir would set a dangerous precedent and threaten the integrity of the national park system. The struggle over Hetch Hetchy Reservoir in Yosemite National Park had not been forgotten. For many park purists the acceptance of an artificial body of water was repugnant and to be vigorously opposed. After 1943 the National Parks Association was hopelessly split on the monument. Eventually the board of trustees drafted a resolution opposing the inclusion of Jackson Lake, but they agreed "to have no action taken against the monument in any way." In taking no *public* stand the board negated the effect of the resolution.

While the board remained silent, some prominent conservationists spoke out. Robert Yard, a respected veteran, attacked the monument and the Jackson Reservoir in the October 1943, issue of the *Living Wilderness*. Many supporters were incredulous. Struthers Burt, Western author and long-time park advocate, was astonished and regretted that one of his most intimate and admired friends "must be becoming senile."

Other conservationists questioned the inclusion of some rather commonplace land. Much of the monument land was sagebrush. Viewed alone, it was not of national park caliber. However, as Olaus Murie once commented, the beauty of these lands all depends on "where you point the camera." From the beginning, Horace Albright and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. had in mind the preservation not of the land but of the view. It was the incomparable vista from the valley which they were determined to keep inviolate; therefore the character of the land was of no real significance. Some conservationists, however, disagreed.

Another source of discord centered about the activities and policies of Rockefeller's Jackson Hole Preserve. Throughout the 1930s, Struthers Burt had chastised the Rockefeller executives for disregarding local interests. In the 1940s the critic was Olaus Murie. Since 1927, Murie had been employed in Jackson Hole as a Fish and Wildlife Service biologist studying the elk herd. Late in 1945 he retired to become national director of the Wilderness Society and an activist in the Izaak Walton League. He was a man who combined scientific knowledge and love of the wilderness with honesty and openness. When Vanderbilt Webb appointed Murie to the Jackson Hole Preserve Board of Directors, no doubt Webb was pleased to have local representation. However, Murie soon took offense at what he perceived as neglect of the opinions of local residents. He was particularly distressed when the corporation entered litigation with a local rancher over an unimportant land matter. Murie believed that some of the executives had a penchant for corporate orderliness which would cause "serious repercussions" with local residents. He was right.

In 1945, Murie resigned his directorship in opposition to the proposed Jackson Hole Game Park. This was a Rockefeller "pet" project which envisioned a wild-game park to make possible the viewing of wild animals with a minimum of effort by the busy tourist. Murie, who constantly stressed that the satisfactions from nature were proportionate to the effort expended, opposed this project, which he profaned with the epithet "zoo." When Rockefeller ignored his protests and announced the wildlife park as a *fait accompli,* Murie resigned, not with bitterness but with the realization that he must follow his own conscience.

Although Olaus Murie's disagreements with the Jackson Hole Preserve program were real, they were reconcilable. This may be said of all the conservationist groups. Their differences were but cracks rather than chasms. By late 1947 the cracks had been caulked. The Izaac Walton League, supported by the American Planning and Civic League, the National Parks Association, the Wilderness Society, the Sierra Club, and the National Audubon Society, began to take the offensive.

On the local level, the end of World War II brought a change to Jackson Hole. Americans were on the move. With money and gasoline flowing freely, hordes of vacation-hungry Americans descended on the valley. Residents viewed the throngs of tourists with apprehension. Many were aesthetic conservationists at heart but thought preservation ought to be a local affair. They did not want a twentieth-century bureaucracy to maintain a nineteenth-century environment. But after the war it was evident that local resources were not adequate and that it would take an organization such as the National Park Service to initiate and maintain wise land-use policies.

Perhaps more important, the tourist business was booming. The prophets of doom were wrong. Grass was not growing in the streets of Jackson; in fact the most evident green was that of the dollar. Population was increasing, business was good, property values were doubling and tripling, and tourism was excellent. It seemed that Horace Albright was right—the future prosperity of Jackson Hole was in tourism, not the cattle industry. In this light, many saw the monument as a distinct asset rather than a liability.

By 1949 it was evident that the National Park Service jurisdiction in upper Jackson Hole could no longer be disputed. Enemies had made numerous forays by many circuitous routes, yet the Park Service had prevailed. Defeated at every turn and with public opinion changing, the Wyoming congressional delegation was prepared to accept the permanent presence of the service.

Thus in April 1949, a three-day conference was held in Washington, D.C., with the intent of drawing up a bill to end the controversy. The meeting was attended by twenty-two men representing all of the various interest groups. For three days a working committee of six hammered out solutions to the remaining problems. As outlined by Teton County Commissioner Clifford Hansen, only three stumbling blocks remained: the Jackson Hole elk herd, grazing rights across the monument, and the tax problem. Grazing rights were quickly conceded by the National Park Service, and it was reluctantly agreed that Teton County ought to be reimbursed in perpetuity for the property-tax loss that it would suffer with the establishment of the enlarged park. The knottiest problem was the management of the elk herd. After protracted and heated debate the committee determined that a "Jackson Hole Elk Herd Advisory Committee" ought to be established to advise both the National Park Service and the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission on the yearly management of the herd.

An important step had been taken. All interest groups had met together and found their differences were not insolvable. So confident was John D. Rockefeller, Jr. that he authorized

his son Laurance to deed over to the government the 33,562 acres of land he had been holding for some twenty years. A ceremony of acceptance was held on December 16, 1949. A modicum of caution still prevailed, however, for the deed stipulated that should the lands be used for other than public park purposes, they would automatically revert to the Jackson Hole Preserve.

In early 1950 all barriers seemed to fall, and with the leadership of Senator O'Mahoney a bill (S. 3409) was drafted and introduced in the Senate on April 12. It provided that Jackson Hole National Monument be abolished and the lands incorporated into a greater Grand Teton National Park. As might be expected, some amendments altered earlier decisions. The Bureau of the Budget, in a predictable action, objected to tax concessions to Teton County in perpetuity. It was finally agreed that Teton County (which was over ninety-seven percent federal land) would be compensated at the following rate: for four years the county would receive the full amount of the annual taxes last assessed, then for the next twenty years payment would decrease by five percent per year.

The bill provided that the management of the elk herd within the new park would be the joint responsibility of the federal government (National Park Service) and the state of Wyoming (Wyoming Game and Fish Commission). The secretary of the interior and the governor of Wyoming would approve an annual conservation plan drafted by the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission and the National Park Service. When the agencies agreed that hunting was necessary, hunters would be licensed by the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission and deputized as temporary rangers by the National Park Service.

With the above-mentioned compromises and grazing privileges assured, the bill moved easily through Congress and was signed into law by President Harry Truman on September 14, 1950. Jackson Hole National Monument died, but a new park emerged.

Today, Grand Teton National Park still carries the scars of its long struggle. It is the only park within the national park system which allows hunting (although euphemistically deputizing the hunters as National Park Service rangers). Furthermore, Jackson Lake is a reservoir, which though beautiful, is still controlled by the Bureau of Reclamation and subject to the needs of Idaho agriculture. Yet the park's spectacular beauty overwhelms these imperfections. Few Americans who have visited this gem of the national park system would deny that it is worth all the effort expended in its creation. When Grand Teton National Park celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in September 1975, there was hardly a trace of the old bitterness that had raged through Jackson Hole for thirty-five years.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The National Archives as well as the Federal Archives and Record Center in Denver contain a wealth of primary source information on the national parks in general and Grand Teton National Park in particular. The papers of many prominent Wyoming persons involved may be found in the Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming. An important compendium of documents on the controversy compiled by the National Park Service is Leo H. Diederich, et al. (eds.), *Jackson Hole National Monument, Wyoming: A Compendium of Important Papers Covering Negotiations in the Establishment and Administration of the National Monument* (4 vols., Washington, D.C., ca. 1945, 1950).

Although the above article is based on primary sources, there are some printed works which touch on the Jackson Hole controversy. *Jackson Hole, Wyoming* by David Saylor (Norman, Oklahoma, 1970) is the best account and is generally accurate and well-researched. Donald Swain's *Wilderness Defender: Horace M. Albright and Conservation* (Chicago, 1970), though primarily a biography, contains considerable information on the struggle to establish Grand Teton National Park. Putting the controversy within the broad setting of national park policy is John Ise's *Our National Park Policy: A Critical History* (Baltimore, 1961). Although William C. Everhart's *The National Park Service* (New York, 1972) is not oriented toward history, the case of Grand Teton National Park is used as an example of the difficulties of park-making. The most recent book to devote attention to the controversy is *Jackson Hole* by Frank Calkins (New York, 1973). Although Calkins's work is rich in local color, the author's tendency to take literary license with historical events somewhat detracts from its usefulness for historians.

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Wilderness Diaries

(Continued from page 9)

happened to Walker and Eells. In fact, following the massacre, when the Cayuses and their allies, numbering nearly 400 including women and children, were within two days march of Tshimakain with the evident intent of harming the two missionary families there, the Spokanes repeatedly declared their intention to defend their missionaries. Perhaps the most exciting part of Walker's diary is his account of the six-month period from the Whitman massacre up to the rescue of the Walkers and Eells by a company of Oregon Volunteers because of the possible Cayuse attack. This section of the diary opens an entirely new chapter in the history of the so-called Cayuse War.

Walker's diary shows that he and his associate never lost sight of their main objectives—to civilize and evangelize the natives. The missionaries' first major need was to learn the language of the Spokanes and to reduce it to writing. This proved to be a slow, laborious process, as they had no qualified teacher or interpreter to help them. Walker was more diligent in applying himself to language study than was Eells. An alphabet was developed by the fall of 1839, and three years later, Walker was able to write a small Spokane primer. He took this to Lapwai so that it could be printed on the mission press. It so happened that Spalding was ill at the time, so Walker, with some guidance from the sick man, had to set the type himself. A sixteen-page booklet was printed in an edition of 250 copies, the first time that any item in the Flathead, or Spokane, language had been printed. The little book is extremely rare today: only two perfect copies are extant.

Elkanah Walker and Bigfoot

THE EARLIEST documented reference to Bigfoot or "Sasquatch," the now-famous creature of the northwest mountains whose existence has never been proved or disproved, is contained in a letter written by Elkanah Walker to the secretary of his mission board on April 16, 1840. Repeating information given to him by the Spokane Indians, Walker wrote: "They believe in the existence of a race of giants which inhabit a certain mountain, off to the west of us [in the Cascades]. This mountain is covered with perpetual snow. They inhabit its top. . . . They hunt & do all their work in the night. . . . [The Indians] say their track is a foot & a half long. . . . They frequently come in the night & steal their salmon from their nets & eat them raw. If the people are awake they always know when they are coming near, by the smell which is intolerable."

In *The Sasquatch File* (Agassiz, 1973), author John Green lists hundreds of reports about Bigfoot, some from the nineteenth century. Walker's account, however, antedates anything Green has discovered, and its details are in harmony with more recent reports and observations.

Both Walker and Eells were greatly handicapped in their efforts to conduct a school and to teach Christianity by the seminomadic habits of the people. Following age-old custom, the Indians who made the Tshimakain plain their main camping ground were gone much of the time in search of food, especially fish and camas roots. Sometimes the plain would be entirely empty of Indians.

Although the missionaries had little apparent success in inducing the natives to take up farming and cattle raising, yet a beginning was made. A major handicap was the lack of equipment such as plows and harnesses. Walker and Eells did all that they could to encourage the Indians to raise cattle, and as far as their meager stock of cattle allowed, gave or sold animals to them. The example set by the missionaries had its effect, and the time came when the Indians depended more on their fields and herds than upon buffalo hunts, fish, and camas roots.

In their efforts to convert the natives to Christianity, Walker and Eells were favored at first by the desire of the Indians to have the missionaries settle in their midst. When Walker and Eells had first visited Fort Colville in September 1838, they had been delighted to find that Archibald McDonald, the trader in charge, had set aside a room where the Indians could conduct their prayers "at sunrise & sunset." McDonald had even given them some instruction in Christianity. Walker reports that the Indians followed the custom of saying a blessing over their food before eating.

Walker made a practice of recording his texts when writing about his religious services in his diary. Most of the texts came from the Old Testament. He was an Old Testament preacher, stressing the law more than the gospel of grace. Walker took the initiative in the erection at Tshimakain of a log chapel which was large enough to seat about seventy. It had a fireplace and benches. Both Elkanah and Mary Walker often wrote of it being filled to capacity on Sundays.

Although the Indians attended the Sunday services with remarkable faithfulness, Walker and Eells won no converts during their nine years' residence at Tshimakain. The missionaries' steadfastness, despite the apparent lack of results, is a tremendous tribute to their devotion and sense of commitment. The main reason for their failure was the loyalty of Old Chief, the head medicine man of his band, to his "medicine rites." Both in his diary and in correspondence, Walker gives more detailed information about these rites than is to be found in any previous or contemporary writings. The rites were performed to heal the sick and to change weather conditions so that the natives would be successful in their hunt for game. Walker in his sermons often condemned the rites, an approach which only angered Old Chief. And as long as Old Chief did not become a Christian, none of his followers ventured to do so.

Although the two missionaries did not make any converts among the Spokanes, they did live to see others reaping where they had sowed. During the late spring and summer of 1873, Spalding visited the Spokane area. By that time Old Chief was dead, and there was no one to raise the issue of the conflict between the medicine rites and Christianity. Spalding baptized 334 men, women, and children. Thus the devoted nine-year services rendered by the Walkers and Eells were not in vain.

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The diaries of Elkanah and Mary Walker covering their overland travels from New England to Fort Walla Walla and the mission years, 1838–1848, are in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. Walker's overland diary appeared in volume III of the author's *First White Women over the Rockies* (Arthur H. Clark, 1966) and Mary Walker's overland and full mission-period diaries in volume II (Clark, 1963) of the same series. Elkanah Walker's diary for 1838–1848 was recently published in *Nine Years with the Spokane Indians* (Clark, 1976).

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